THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCTOBER 20, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

HIGH SPEED By Owen Wister THE MAN-ANIMAL By Emerson Hough

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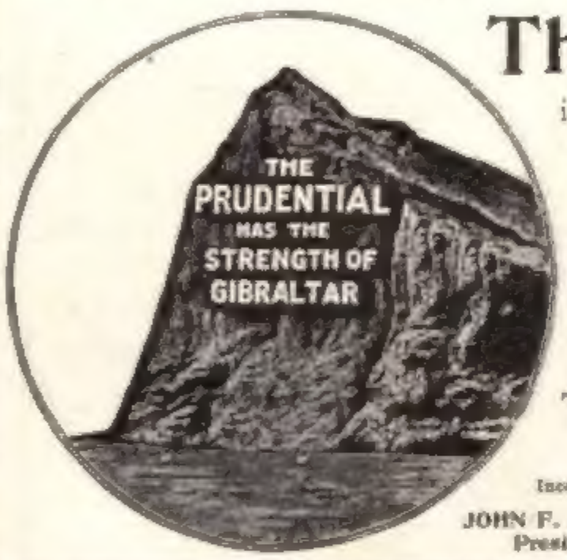

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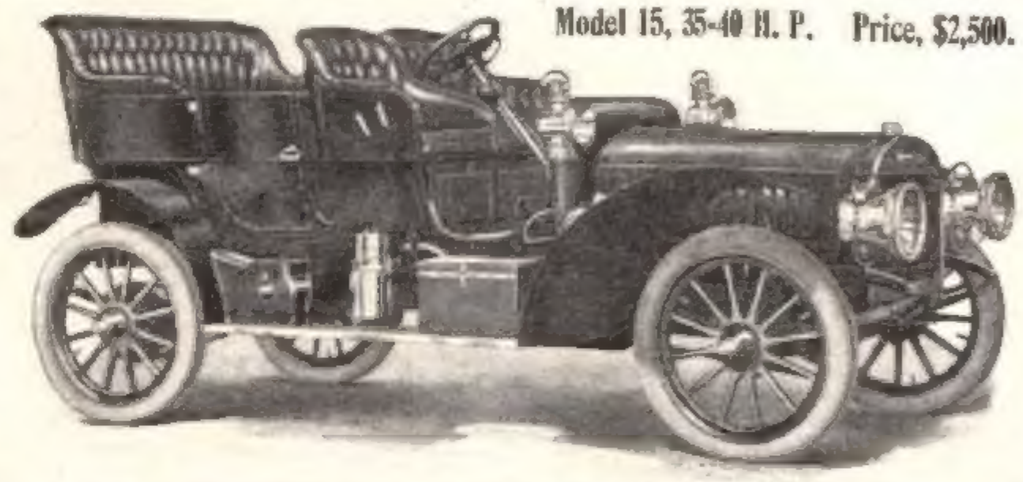

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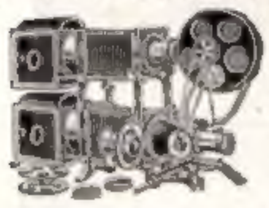

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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HIGH SPEED

English and American Railroad Flyers

BY OWEN WISTER

AUTHOR OF THE VIRGINIAN

FROM year to year, or almost from year to year, various trains in different places have been establishing new fast records ever since 1848, when an English train on the Great Western ran from London to Didcot, 53.25 miles, in forty-seven minutes, or at the speed of sixty-eight miles an hour. That will soon be sixty years ago; and between that event and the present hour the list of individual fast runs has grown very long, and also very miscellaneous. France has lately had a train running regularly between Paris and Calais, 184.50 miles, in 185 minutes, with a stop at Amiens of two minutes and a half. (This train, according to the time-tables for May, 1906, would appear to be decelerated to 200 minutes.) England records a West Coast train from London to Aberdeen, September, 1895, 540 miles, in 512 minutes—63.28 miles an hour. In our own country, in March, 1901, a train on the Plant System ran from Fleming to Jacksonville, five miles, in two minutes and a half—120 miles an hour. No short run appears to surpass this one. In long-distance achievements there is the astonishing run of a New York Central train in June, 1905, from Chicago to New York, 960.52 miles, in 956 minutes—more than sixty miles an hour for sixteen hours; and in October of the same year a Pennsylvania train between Crestline and Clark Junction accomplished the 257.4 miles in 207 minutes—more than 74½ miles an hour.

Table I—Short-Distance Speeds

COURSE	RAILROAD	MILES	MINUTES	NO. OF TRAINS	SPEED PER HOUR
Camden and Atlantic City	Pennsylvania	58.3	52	1	67.26
" " " "	Reading	55.5	50	5	66.6
" " " "	Pennsylvania	58.3	54	2	64.77
" " " "	"	58.3	56	1	62.46
Darlington and York (England)	North-Eastern	44.25	43	1	61.74
Camden and Atlantic City	Reading	55.5	54	2	61.66
Jersey City and North Philadelphia	Pennsylvania	84.	83	1	60.72
Darlington and York	North-Eastern	44.25	44	1	60.34
Broad Street and Atlantic City	Pennsylvania	75.	75	2	60.

Table II—Long-Distance Speeds

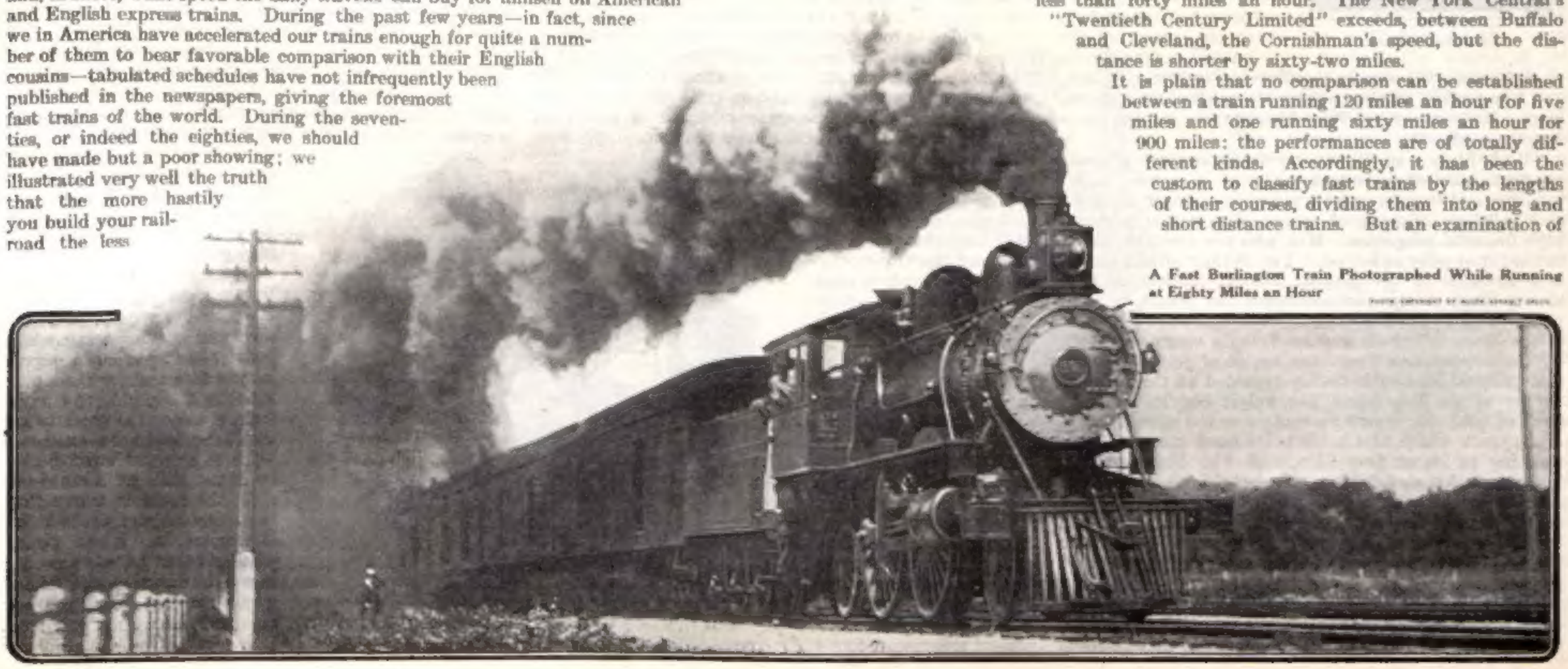
COURSE	RAILROAD	MILES	HOURS & MINUTES	NO. OF TRAINS	SPEED PER HOUR
New York and Chicago	New York Central and Lake Shore	979.52	18.	2	54.40
Paris and Bayonne (France)	Orleans and Midi	486.25	8.59	1	54.13
New York and Buffalo	New York Central	440.	8.15	1	53.39
Jersey City and Chicago	Pennsylvania	912.	17.41	2	51.62
Jersey City and Pittsburg	"	443.	8.41	1	51.
London and Edinburgh	East Coast Route	393.	7.45	1	50.77
Jersey City and Pittsburg	Pennsylvania	443.	8.46	1	50.53
London and Glasgow	West Coast Route	401.50	8.	1	50.18

These are but a few of the examples which could be given; and it will be seen from them that comparisons would be neither very easy nor very enlightening. To say nothing of the great differences in the distances, there is also in each case the weight of the train to take into consideration, and the grades, and the wind. Moreover, interesting as these brilliant isolated performances may be, they are each of them merely single events under exceptional circumstances; they form no part of the daily schedule on any of the railroads where they took place, nor do they in the least indicate what the daily traveler has to expect. Although they serve to show what locomotives can do under pressure, and undoubtedly make a strong, picturesque appeal to the imagination, they are not the *habit* of any railroad. Of far greater practical interest is an examination of what are the *speed habits* of the various railroads of America and England, how fast their regular expresses run, how many there are of these fast trains in the two countries, and, in short, what speed the daily traveler can buy for himself on American and English express trains. During the past few years—in fact, since we in America have accelerated our trains enough for quite a number of them to bear favorable comparison with their English cousins—tabulated schedules have not infrequently been published in the newspapers, giving the foremost fast trains of the world. During the seventies, or indeed the eighties, we should have made but a poor showing; we illustrated very well the truth that the more hastily you build your railroad the less speedily shall you travel upon it; and the average rate, both in France and England, was from five to ten miles an hour faster than our own. But during the last fifteen years more and more attention and money have been devoted to our roadbeds and our rolling-stock, especially in those parts of our country where the density of population and the copiousness of travel have begun to approach English conditions.

It is conditions that control all these things—an obvious fact too often forgotten by the English traveler in America. When such a traveler complains of our trains in the Far West or South, it is not particularly intelligent of him to compare them with his English trains between London and Birmingham—a region that had been getting ready for railroads, building cities, begetting citizens, and creating traffic for a thousand years before America was discovered: let him compare our Western and Southern trains with those of India and Australia. We have made great strides during the past fifteen years; and although the perfectly true (and often published) statement that we possess the fastest trains in the world for both long and short distances is one of those exact utterances which convey a somewhat false impression, we need by no means be ashamed of what the time-tables of America and England reveal for the present summer of 1906. Certain French trains will also be noted; but France has been left behind.

The accompanying tabulations are the result of an analysis of Bradshaw's Railway Guide for England and of our own Official Guide, verified by the time-tables published by the railroads themselves. Beyond such oversights as can hardly be escaped in a research so extensive, it is probable that since May (the month for which Bradshaw was examined) certain fast English trains, such as the Great Western's "Cornishman Limited," have been added to the summer schedule, and possible that some of the Scotch expresses have been accelerated. The "Cornishman" is one of the three or four most remarkable trains that exist. Throughout its season it runs between London and Plymouth *without a stop*, 245¼ miles, in 267 and 265 minutes, a speed of more than fifty-five miles an hour: twelve miles farther than from New York to Boston, and in thirty-five minutes less than the New Haven requires for its fastest extra-fare trains. Our longest run without a stop seems to be between Pittsburg and Columbus, 193 miles, at less than forty miles an hour. The New York Central's "Twentieth Century Limited" exceeds, between Buffalo and Cleveland, the Cornishman's speed, but the distance is shorter by sixty-two miles.

It is plain that no comparison can be established between a train running 120 miles an hour for five miles and one running sixty miles an hour for 900 miles: the performances are of totally different kinds. Accordingly, it has been the custom to classify fast trains by the lengths of their courses, dividing them into long and short distance trains. But an examination of



A Fast Burlington Train Photographed While Running at Eighty Miles an Hour

the time-tables shows this to be inadequate. There is no sufficient resemblance between two trains covering respectively 400 miles and 150 miles at the same speed. Therefore, in this article a third, or medium distance, has been added; and the classification will divide runs up to one hundred miles from runs between one hundred and three hundred miles; and above three hundred will be called long distance. Thus a much more thorough, as well as a much more just and coherent, comparison can be made.

If Table I is a complete list of mile-a-minute trains, running a short-distance course, then, out of the total sixteen, England has two and America fourteen. England is recorded during 1905 to have had six; but Bradshaw for May, 1906, does not show the others, which ran between Leicester and Nottingham, 23½ miles, and Perth and Farfar, 32½ miles. No English train is recorded to have run at sixty-two miles an hour, but it will be seen that we have nine at that rate, or faster, Pennsylvania leading everything with its Atlantic City train of 67.26 miles an hour.

It will be seen that America also leads in the long-distance class. The length of the New York Central course to Chicago is variously set down; the figures given here are taken from the Official Guide.

In Table III we still lead England (and the rest of the world) with the two brilliant trains of the Lake Shore and the Pennsylvania, about which it is further to be said that each of them makes one stop. The Great Western train makes no stop. One wonders how it carries enough coal; the water is of course taken up between the rails. But a decided change of proportion is at once obvious in this medium-distance class; out of the eighteen trains which appear, we furnish but six to England's ten. France furnishes two; and at this point it may be of interest to summarize the speed of continental trains.

Germany has four trains between Berlin and Hamburg (177 miles) which run fifty miles an hour. That is Germany's total, it is believed. In France, the Chemin de Fer du Nord has of Calais, Boulogne and Amiens trains about eight, and the "Nord Exprès" to Erquelines, noted in the table; the Chemin de Fer d'Orléans has four; the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest one, between Paris and Havre. That is France's total, well below two dozen trains in all. (The speed of the famous "Orient Exprès" is forty-five miles an hour from Paris to Avricourt, 255 miles.) This finishes European trains of fifty miles an hour. Outside of France, even forty-five miles an hour is a comparative rarity.

The reader who has studied the above table of medium-distance trains will have noticed that the tabulation breaks off at fifty-five miles an hour; and he will very probably be wondering how we stand with England in trains of between fifty-five and fifty miles an hour. It may be answered at once, before coming to the final tabulation to be presented for comparison, that England would have it entirely her way, with literally dozens of trains at 54, 53, 52, 51 and 50 miles an hour, while we could show precisely two, and one of these doubtful. The Baltimore and Ohio runs one train from Philadelphia to Washington, 135 miles, in 164 minutes, a speed of 50¼ miles an hour; and the New York Central runs one "Saratoga Limited" from New York to Troy in three hours. If the distance is 150 miles, as stated by the company's time-tables, this train counts; if 148.91 miles is correct, according to the Official Guide, then it does not. Down among the forties it is not worth while to continue, as the showing would be too cumbersome, and increasingly for England; moreover, nothing under fifty miles an hour (for short and medium distances) can be considered "fast" any longer.

Besides the unexpected paradox that we outnumber England in sixty-mile-an-hour trains, and then fall considerably below her, the tables disclose another interesting fact. All our fastest trains run from Philadelphia to Atlantic City; not one of England's is a seashore express. Yet London and Brighton lie but fifty miles apart, and forty-nine trains run between them each weekday. Climate very largely explains this. London does not, as Philadelphia does, gasp for breath during the greater part of three months. The English seacoast is not the haven of refuge from tropic nights that the Jersey coast is to Philadelphia, and a London summer does not see its shopkeepers and clerks fairly compelled to seek the ocean every afternoon that they can afford it. But climate does not wholly explain it. To an American observer, Bradshaw discloses that the London, Brighton and South Coast is not a liberal railroad; its fastest Brighton express, for which practically extra fare is charged, since it is limited to first-class tickets, goes only 46.15 miles an hour.

Probing a little further, we observe that no competitor runs to Brighton; and we accordingly wonder what speed the Pennsylvania would be making to Atlantic City if no Reading rival were alongside of it to

(Continued on Page 22)

Table III—Medium-Distance Speeds

COURSE	RAILROAD	MILES	MINUTES	NO. OF TRAINS	MILES PER HOUR
Cleveland to Elkhart	Lake Shore and Michigan Southern	256	257	1	59.76
Jersey City to Harrisburg	Pennsylvania	194	196	1	59.38
London to Bristol (England)	Great Western	118½	120	1	59.25
Elkhart to Cleveland	Lake Shore and Michigan Southern	256	260	1	59.07
Harrisburg to Jersey City	Pennsylvania	194	202	1	57.62
London to Nottingham (England)	Midland	126½	132	1	57.50
Paris to Erquelines (France)	Nord	148	155	1	57.29
London to Sheffield (England)	Great Northern	161¼	170	1	57.
Bristol to London (England)	Great Western	118½	125	1	56.88
Harrisburg to Jersey City	Pennsylvania	194	205	1	56.78
Jersey City to Harrisburg	"	194	206	1	56.70
London to Sheffield (England)	Great Central	164¾	175	1	56.48
London and Birmingham (Eng.)	London and North-Western	112¾	120	8	56.37
Paris to Calais (France)	Nord	185	200	1	55.50
London to Exeter (England)	Great Western	194	210	2	55.42
London to Worcester (England)	" "	120	130	1	55.38
London and Birmingham (Eng.)	" "	129¾	140	4	55.35
Nottingham to London (England)	Great Northern	128	140	1	55.

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By Alfred Henry Lewis

John Brown Moran

THIS is to be a story of Moran of Massachusetts, District Attorney for Suffolk County, would-be Governor of the State. On the threshold, that you may have some inner glimpses of the man before being invited to consider either his surroundings or his career, let me quote him for a cluster of sentences. We were in his offices in Pemberton Square, and I had asked him concerning the needs of the national hour. He blew a cloud from his cigar—he smokes like a dragon—and said:

"Both State and Nation need the services of independent men—independent alike of a coarse lobby influence and the more subtle, yet no less dangerous, social and political influence of strong corporations and our high financial magnates. Men who are veritable slaves to the latter pose as honest. Yet all their official service is a betrayal of the people. Recent disclosures have shown these things and awakened the people to their peril. This awakening explains their enthusiasm for men of the Roosevelt, Folk and La Follette stamp.

"Corporation and Trust domination of political parties and political leaders is to-day regarded as the supreme danger of the Republic. The vulgar boodler has long been odious. He is now recognized as the mere creature of a system which also holds in its black clutch officials claiming to be of finer fibre, and who boast of their integrity and their fidelity to the people. A type of this is the Democrat who, vociferous on tariff reform, is silent on the trusts, the lobby, corruption in elections and in legislative bodies, and who affects to scent Socialism in humane factory laws and in every other legislative effort to uplift the masses.

"What is the remedy? The people must compel officials to recognize that they are servants of the public, that their obligation is to the people alone, that betrayal of popular interest is a treason which must be answered for. Public opinion must be aggressive to drive out of public life officials who fail, corruptly or as the result of a vicious environment, to realize their obligations to serve unselfishly and well.

"Corrupt lobbyists and their masters, as well as officials who succumb to their wiles, must be dealt with as criminals. Legislative bodies must be purified. Criminal laws, which serve only to maintain a procession of the vulgar victims of poverty and misfortune between the court-house and the jail, are a failure. The public pays too heavy a tax in its severity of punishment upon the petty vices, while the monstrous crimes, by which the people are robbed wholesale, go largely unpunished. The financier who steals a gas company or a railroad, by the familiar wrecking and receivership process, must be sent to wear the stripes as well as the crazy victim of a mania for picking pockets. Those who poison the food-supply with adulterations, who steal from widows and orphans the funds of insurance companies, who criminally control the food, the fuel, and the transportation of the people to their own sordid uses, must be made to know the wrath of honest men."

During the year of grace, 1859, there dwelt in Wakefield, Massachusetts, John Moran, mechanic, and Ellen, his wife. The two had come from Ireland in quest of a broader, better freedom than they left behind. Also, in that year they gave a great evidence of their love of liberty and its sincerity.

Men in remembering a present are prone to forget a past, even their own pasts, and States are much like men. Massachusetts now, when black freedom is a fashionable and accomplished fact—by fiat of one in a slave State born and bred—is wont complacently to point to herself as having rocked the cradle of abolition. This is a wide shot from the actual truth. She had her abolitionists in 1859, as had New York and many another commonwealth; but they were feared as firebrands, denounced as foes to public order, loathed as of the vulgar herd by polite folk who held their noses high. Lincoln was being reviled by Greeley, despised by Sumner, and pictured by Harper's Weekly as an ape. In Boston the life of Wendell Phillips was being plotted against, and Governor Andrew was refusing him the protection of the law; while out in Concord the local clergy strove to prevail on Thoreau to forego an intended eulogy of "Osawatomie" Brown. Folk forget these things, just as they forget how the Mayflower herself—there being no more Puritans to bring over—lapsed into the slave trade, and that an abolition North was only brought to abandon black slavery, and give its morals a chance, by blundering upon a golden secret of the factory and the field, to wit: it is cheaper to hire labor than to own it. But we are running too far to one side; we must back to the Morans, their love of liberty and the sincere proof they gave of it.

"He is Now Recognized as the Mere Creature of a System"

In 1859 "Osawatomie" John Brown went planning those Harper's Ferry deeds of bloodshed and sudden death which had for their purpose a servile insurrection and for their punishment a scaffold. At that time, it is not too much to say that John Brown was execrated—feared here and hated there—by nine-tenths of American men, and nowhere more than in money-making, profit-loving Massachusetts. Even those who held that he was traveling in a right direction said he had gone too far. And yet, our freedom-hunting pair from Ireland, with the Celtic readiness

to overlook a method in administration of a motive, revered the grim old liberator none the less; and one day, to the scandal of a Wakefield sense of propriety and defying it, named their boy just born John Brown Moran. Before the name could become a handicap, however, old Brown had grown to be a martyr, and young Moran was never made, by reason of it, to suffer setback.

Moran, as a boy, went to the Wakefield schools, and from them to the Boston University. On the back of his schooldays he studied law and issued forth a lawyer. In his law practice, like Whitlock of Toledo, Moran has been peculiarly the poor man's lawyer, and by consequence the banks were never overtaxed in keeping track of his deposits. Still, although he did not wax in riches, he grew in courageous honesty, and no one stood—or stands—higher than "Counsellor Moran."

Every gentleman of the bar, in the callow, unfledged days of his beginning, has much unoccupied time on his hands, and Moran was no exception to this leisurely rule. Having no vices to engage him, if one except tobacco, and urged perhaps by his Irish blood, which goes as naturally into the game as ever went setter afield, he filled in his idleness with politics. This has turned out unfortunately for many rascals.

Being honest, the more Moran considered party conditions the more he distasted them. Being Irish, and therefore belligerent, the more he distrusted them the more he felt like making war upon them. Predatory money and its creatures, the black flag corporations, had for long been in Bay State control. The community is one easy of money-conquest. Society there arranges itself in layers, and is caste-cankered to the heart. The great thing is to be respectable; to be right is less important. It is what you seem to be, rather than what you are, that counts.

A harsh climate and mean agricultural possibilities had driven the people into manufacture. This had piled up riches for the few, and swelled a population; but it likewise assisted hugely in that caste-construction to which I've adverted. Manufacture does two things: it gives the rich factory-owner a grip on the voter who toils at his benches and at his looms; and it sets him to coaxing and bribing and bullying government for legislation meant—however viciously—to multiply his factory profits. This has been true in every age and region, and was among the reasons why Lycurgus did his best to keep factories and factory-owners out of Sparta.

Some wiseacre said recently that the cities are the hope of democracy. He might have added that they are also the hope of the machine, of the boss, of predatory money. The city is as naturally the lair of bandit corporations as the rock-ledge is the natural lair of rattlesnakes. These brigands found Massachusetts polka-dotted of factory-bred villages and towns and cities with their bristling phalanx of smoke-stacks. There they set up their kingdom.

Since men in their natures must have two parties, just as planets in their natures must have two poles, Massachusetts possessed two parties. Each had its boss, and the corporations bossed the bosses.

Although in apparent opposition, the parties and the bosses never really disagree. It is as though one were on shipboard, with the State as the ship. The Republican party is the starboard watch. The Democratic party is the port watch. No matter which has the deck, the ship's course is never altered. Back in the captain's cabin sit the corporations.

Moran, while aboard ship, belonged to neither watch. If anything, he was a sort of political stowaway. From the first he showed himself a mutineer, a trouble-maker. Being alive with energy and alert vim no power could keep him under hatches. He had no reverence for bosses, no fear of machines. He spent most of his time about the political deck, now with one watch, now with the other, and always preaching insurrection. Betimes he sat an example of uncertainty, and voted all around the clock. In 1892 he was with Cleveland for tariff reform; in 1896 with McKinley against silver; in 1900 with Bryan—silver having been knocked on the head. In local affairs he proved himself as hard to place; for his one thought, one effort, one cry was: *Put honest men in office!*

Being a kind of Thomas Jefferson with just a dash of Jack Cade, Moran was the particular horror of that prim Brahmin caste which would sooner respectably drown than be succored unseemly. Those austere ones of dignity and severe propriety, who based themselves on the Mayflower and regarded Plymouth Rock as the beginning of earthly things, could not afford to be saved by any restless Wakefield one, whose immediate forebears came over from Ireland not sixty years ago. Their burden was great, their bondage sore; but better a Pharaoh of the corporations and bricks without straw than take to the honest deserts with such a Moses. There were others, however—that common multitude, presently on the Boston increase—who did not go chained to Plymouth Rock. These, being free and hampered of no Mayflower-heretofore, gave ear to Moran exhorting mutiny. They were eager to follow him and said as much; what they waited for was opportunity.

The latter came last year, and its coming occurred in this wise. Massachusetts was booming along, eight knots to the hour, on her usual course. The ship was standing on the Republican tack.

It was now and here the unexpected happened. Moran, mutineer, offered himself for Prosecuting Attorney of Suffolk County—that is to say, Boston. Never did movement of politics present, in its birth, a more mean and

The Thoughtful Member Called the Frenzied Attention of His Fellows to the Refuge of This Statute

starved appearance. Moran was his own nominee. He had no money, no pedigree, no party, no papers, no halls, no music, no committee. But there in the arena he was, flinging challenges to both parties. Also, he was telling the people that, if he were victorious, he would put rich rogues in jail and cut the claws of the corporations.

Since it made no machine difference, the bosses decided to unite on a candidate for Prosecuting Attorney. They would not divide their strength with two candidates. That might do when the political seas were smooth. Now, the great thing was to beat down mutiny in the person of Moran. Not only would he be dangerous as State's Attorney, but the very precedent of his success would prove a perilous one, and teach others to turn recalcitrant and attack the gods of the machines.

Thus reasoning, the machines named a certain Mr. Sughrue. This gentleman was on both the Republican and Democrat tickets. He was backed by the corporations. He was upheld by the papers. He had music, speakers, halls. Also, when the votes were in, he had 38,157 of them; whereas Mutineer Moran counted 42,198. Mutineer Moran was elected, to the amazement of the Brahmins and the joy of the herd.

For something less than a year Moran has prevailed as District Attorney and done several notable things. He took a header into the campaign methods of the Republicans, and indicted Proctor, private secretary to Lodge, of embezzlement. In that connection he called Lodge before the Grand Jury, a move as disconcerting to that patrician's self-love as to Jefferson was Chief Justice Marshall's intimation that he might issue a subpœna for that Chief Magistrate, and compel his attendance as a witness in the case of Aaron Burr.

There arose a business swindle, wherein a corner-stone of the financially respectable was involved. Moran lighted the lamp of inquiry and went to the dark centre of it. High names were mentioned; Moran spared no one. He demanded of Governor Guild that the bank commissioners be removed. The Governor threw himself upon the legislature. The legislature hesitated; but, since there was no help for it, and being squarely brought to bay, the commissioners were removed.

An eminent quintette of hostelries were pleasantly engaged in violating the excise law. They connived with unlawful screens to secure their patrons from observation while tossing off their toddies. This, according to Bay State feeling, is wrong. As far as possible it demands that he who is drunk shall be publicly drunk, to the end that he be despised and thereby reformed.

Whether this is wise may perhaps find question. One is by no means sure that the spectacle of a leading citizen publicly "hitting it up"—to steal a phrase from the Bowery—possesses elements of moral elevation. Instead of sobering the lesser man, and teaching him to mend his ways, it might—for there is a Satanic force in bad example—induce an imitative public to unite in the debauch. That, however, is to treat the subject academically; the truth remains that Moran enforced the law, revoked the licenses of the screened hotels, and it cost them each and severally a painful $2200 to have the same renewed.

The case of one of the hotels was unique. This tavern—besides the sin of screens—was within four hundred feet of a public school. Now, to sell rum within four hundred feet of a public school in Massachusetts, where morality is sometimes a question of theodolites and surveyors' chains, is a scandal of singular blackness. Moran smote upon the erring hotel with the rod of statute. Its rum commerce withered and perished from the earth. Then the legislature came to its relief, in a measure worded generally, but meant to be special, and to-day the tavern shoves the sinful bottle unchecked.

Speaking of the legislature, that body of lawgivers has had Moran troubles of its own. Until a Moran day it had taken its bribes, untroubled of conscience, unscared of justice. The bucket-shop bill was up, and the threatened bucket-shoppers came with their money as of yore, and the law-givers as of yore received it. One member, new at once to the legislature and the largess of the bucket-shops, was so unparliamentary as to say that he had been offered a bribe. Moran sent his process-servers to bring the entire membership before the Grand Jury. Indictments were on their way; there befell a deal of legislative rushing to and fro.

At this crisis one of the cooler heads and older hands recalled a saving statute. Just as folk dig cyclone-cellars in Kansas, so years before a prudent legislature, not knowing what its stormy needs might be, had said in a law that any man brought before an investigating committee of either house as a witness should therefore and thereafter be and remain immune from criminal prosecution based upon what subject-matter had been under investigation. The thoughtful member called the frenzied attention of his fellows to the refuge of this statute. They found in it the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Immediately they appointed a committee to investigate the charges of bribery. The committee as instantly subpœnaed every member of the legislature to be a witness, as well as several men who were not members. Thus was the mantle of that saving statute dexterously thrown across every threatened shoulder; thus was Moran baffled.

There is here no space to relate in whole the bitter doings of District Attorney Moran. He went after the Chelsea Board of Aldermen in the name of graft, and indicted three of them. He trained his Grand Jury guns on the ice-conspirators, and brought down seventeen men and eleven companies.

These and more has Moran accomplished as District Attorney; while against him were working the forces that live beneath the thumb of the machines, and what corporate influences dominate them. Those corporate influences should take cautious heed. They go too far, even for their own safety, in barefaced venalities. Pressure begets pressure, and as a pendulum is swung to the left so will it swing to the right. They should beware how, by excessive scoundrelisms, they too much invite reform; for reform, too much invited, is prone to run into revenge.

About a month or more ago Moran did a new thing. As Prosecuting Attorney he was the scourge of corruptionists; by this fresh move he has become their pet horror. He announced himself a candidate for the office of Governor, and every sign of the popular hour promises him success.

"I shall be a candidate for Governor," says Moran. "I shall run as an Independent; and I shall ask the Democratic as well as the Prohibition party's nomination." The Prohibitionists and the Democrats have both named him.

In view of what is, to say naught of

(Concluded on Page 30)

One Member, Now at Once to the Legislature and the Largess of the Bucket-Shops, was So Unparliamentary as to Say that He Had Been Offered a Bribe

THE MAN-ANIMAL

He Knew Perfectly Well that a Man Can Live Wherever You Put Him

How a Pair of Bare Hands Won the Struggle for Existence

By EMERSON HOUGH

WHEN Starnberg recovered his senses he found himself half floating, half resting upon the edge of the bar, where the current had cast him at the widening of the channel. The sun was shining in his face. He was both chilled and fevered. A great aching ran through his bones. His mind was still confused. He could remember only some sort of trouble, back there, somewhere; but he could not recall the name of the town where the railroad contractor had dumped him and the others, to be herded into the company's mills. There seemed to have been some sort of resistance, protest, rebellion—some sort of a fight. He and Ole and Sam had broken away from the mill stockade—after smashing up somebody or something—and had made for the river, although that stream was a strange one to them.

This country in the great upper Rockies, where the railway was building—rushing, commandeering, using men as slaves—was more than a thousand miles overland from their own country above Superior. Yes, Starnberg's clearing mind concluded, he and Ole and Sam had broken away. There had been a raft, and then still more alcohol, straight and white from the bottle, and then some sort of mad dream of white waters, hour after hour, as they clung to the raft; and then sometime, years ago, a grinding and crushing, a cry or two, and a general ending of the world. Sam's face, and Ole's—he remembered seeing them sink under the waters. But that was nothing. All his life on the rivers he had seen faces sink in that way, but usually they came up again, the black hair, or yellow, showing as they rose and swam to the shore. The boys could take care of themselves. In the wilderness, it is not a question of others, but of one's *self*.

Where was this place? How far was it below the mills? Starnberg did not know, but felt rather than reasoned that it must be fifty miles, perhaps seventy-five, perhaps a hundred. It was now near noon, and all this had been the night before, and this water had been flowing fast—eight miles, ten miles an hour. He did not know this country, that was sure. He was equally sure that through these dense, tangled forests he could find no path up stream.

He dragged himself up on the sand, and gazed about him with red eyes. The dark hair swept down over his forehead, the latter none too high. A sleeve was torn from his woolen shirt. He gazed down with small curiosity at the great brown arm bared to the familiar sun. His shoes, spiked and heavy, dripped water, and his Mackinaw trousers, cut short mid-leg, drained about the shoes. His coat was gone somewhere, and his hat, but as he rarely wore either, he missed them very little. Starnberg, now thrust by the needs of civilization into the heart of an utter wilderness, was rugged as any gnarled stump of the forest.

These white mountains and dark forests about him seemed unfriendly, but so far from being concerned over that, Starnberg grinned. He had always forced the woods to be kind to him. He knew perfectly well that a man can live wherever you put him. Deep joy came into his soul, a dull feeling which he did not in the least recognize, and would not have understood had he suspected it.

He stooped and drank from the river great draughts of the cool water, which for the time satisfied both thirst and hunger. Then he rose, looked about him leisurely, yawned and stretched himself, one leg out behind after the other, animal-fashion. Then at a brisk, smooth walk he started for the bush. It was time for breakfast.

But there were no berries he cared to eat. Certain bright red ones he discarded, knowing—though no man had ever told him—that bright, attractive things of the sort are best let alone, Nature marking them plainly "poison," so that all may read the label. There were no blackberries nor blueberries nor red raspberries. It was now too late for the strawberries whose plants he saw at the edge of the open grassy places. He wanted something heavier than berries. He walked along closely scanning the trees. If he could only scare up a grouse. He muttered: "Pshaw, if I only had a dog, now." That is one of the first needs of the man-animal—a dog, because the man-animal has somewhere in his brain the instinct to conquer and use other animals, being himself the most resourceful of all.

Starnberg found no chicken, and his hunger grew, so that he pulled tight the black belt he wore low down across his abdomen, not around his waist. There were tracks of deer, of padded things; and presently he came to a path worn six inches deep in the mold. At first he thought it a caribou trail, until he saw the deep heel marks and knew that the bears had made it.

"Must be on a run between two valleys," he said to himself; and then, as an animal will, with no definite purpose, he began to follow along the trail. There was abundant other "sign" near by—logs ripped open, stumps torn out and stones overturned. This animal had been larger and stronger than himself. He could not have turned that stone, even with a peevy for a lever. The ripping of this stump would have been work for a half-dozen men with picks. The bear had done it with ease, hunting little bugs. Starnberg stooped over, pawing with his right front paw in the crumbled mold. In the rotted wood he caught sight of a cricket.

"I've heard they ain't bad," he said, and tried it, grimacing.

Some soft ends of shrubs hung across his path, and he broke them off, chewing them, but finding them bitter. In the mold grew some white fungi. He knew which were the mushrooms and which were the poisonous toadstools, yet he relished little the tasteless white growths, which he ate, grumbling all the time.

He felt in his pockets, but found no hooks or line, although these came to his mind when he saw a tumbling white stream coming down, and caught sight of a swift-darting form in the pool. He cast in a heavy stone or so at the trout, but without luck; then softly he waded in, stooping.

Near by was the track of the great bear, which had also been fishing here. The log was still wet where he had lain and hung over a horned paw. Starnberg crept along in the water, careless of its icy cold, until he was opposite the shelving rock where he had seen the swift flash disappear. He reached under softly—his fingers just above the sand—and felt a cold, firm body. He made no swift motion—no hunting animal spoils its chances so—but merely moved his fingers gently forward, "guddling" at the trout, until he felt its mid-body in his hands. Then he grasped it, and went ashore with it.

But he had no fire; and, when this thought came to Starnberg, he cast the fish from him into the bush, careless

The Man-Animal Now had Shoes and Clothing

that it there died in torment. The man-animal cares little for life. The man-animal is also the fire-animal. Here there could be no fire. At least Starnberg had none of those tipped sticks men call matches. He turned and walked back to the beach. He had heard of making fire with rubbed sticks. He found a crooked one for a bow and a pointed one for a drill. He tore some bark from a cedar, and braided a string for his bow-drill. But the bark always broke, no matter how gently he worked. He took off the loops of his braces, round and smooth, and pieced them into a rope, but the cord was too short to give his fire-stick speed. None the less, a small heap of dust began to appear at the foot of his fire-stick along the flat, hard bit of dry wood he had found. This he could not kindle, and so he finally cast his bow aside, and cursed, deeply rumbling in his throat, like a bull when angered.

On the rocky beach he picked up a flint, another, some sharp ones, sharp as glass almost.

"Now if I had steel," muttered Starnberg.

He found no knife or other steel in his pockets. Yet, as he prowled among the débris of the river driftage, he grunted at length with a low, throaty chuckle. The river had brought down a pointed shaft of pine, a great pile from some torn-out bridge-work, steel-shod with strips for driving into some rocky river-bed. It had been discarded because the point had turned and been torn. Here, at last, was steel!

Starnberg selected several flints, and walked to the willow thicket. He came out twisting in his hands a green withe, which presently became supple and stringy. He split the end of a short green stick with his flint, and inserted the flat stone he had chosen, binding it fast with the willow cord. Now he picked up his discarded board with the fire-dust, placing it below the point of the broken pile.

Methodically, and quite sure of success, he sat down and began to pick at the steel point with his handled flint, wherein lay fire seeking this other sex of the steel. There were sparks, elusive, transient. A smell of fire was on the air, as when the lightning passes. At last this spark fell straight. The fire-dust glowed. Starnberg caught his hand about it, fed carefully up against it soft bark of cottonwood that he had rent into fine shreds. He saw a glow. He had fire—fire! Not that he exulted, for he was sure it could be done. A man can always take care of himself, as he knew. Starnberg used a stiff pole for a lever, and ripped off one of the steel bands. He could have fire now when he liked. He wished that he had saved the trout, but that was far back in the woods. He looked about him for something else.

Erect in the grass of a little open spot near by he saw a straight little figure standing and regarding him steadily: a gopher large as a squirrel. Starnberg walked to it, but it disappeared in its hole. He saw others near by, and wished he had a cord to snare them. He must employ some other means. At the edge of the willows was a trickle of water, one of the many which came down from the snowy hills into the valley. Starnberg caught up a pointed limb of driftwood, and began to scratch a little ditch from the edge of the stream, heaping up a little bank here, cutting through a little hillock there. It was not very difficult for him to direct the water into the mouth of the gopher hole.

Like the thing of prey he was, the man-animal lay beside the hole, his horned paw outstretched. The gopher bit him when it emerged and was grasped; but the larger animal cared little for that, and only squeezed it to death; and so another, and another. With his sharp flint he skinned them with no great difficulty, and then, from force of habit as a trapper, half in jest he stretched their tiny hides on little willow hoops, using threads of bark to bind them, and making holes with the point of one of the hobnails which he had picked from his shoe-sole. The man-animal loves iron, steel, fire; through these things obtaining his dominion.

Caring for his fire that it might not die out, Starnberg hunted out pieces of cottonwood, which burns well and clean, and pieces of birch, not so dry, which would hold the fire longer. He lay down in the sand, fed and content, and caring little beyond. Presently he raised his head and listened. There was a muffled sound, a drumming like far thunder—a grouse, strutting in midsummer, though breeding days were past and only male egotism prompted the drumming. Starnberg listened, walked, readjusted his course as the sound shifted. He never got to the drummer, and perhaps it would have served him little to find the bird, even though the latter were blind while in the passion of drumming. A flutter in the bush called his attention. A hen, not of the ruffed but of the spruce grouse, flew up into a tree and craned down at him. Methodically he gazed about for a club, having no noose to slip over the outstretched neck. At his third throw he had his supper. He wandered back to the fire and ate the bird, finding it better than gopher. He knew that he could get a trout when he wanted it, but there was no hurry.

It would be a trifle cool at night, but there was a fire, and so long as he was warm, night held no terrors for him. He knew that neither bear, nor mountain lion, nor lynx would disturb him when he slept. That night he curled up, with his back to the log, kept above the sand by a few leaves and boughs. He did not go into the bush to sleep, knowing that the flies would be swept away better by the winds in the open. Not that he minded gnats or mosquitoes very much, his hide being tough.

Most of all Starnberg wanted a porcupine, for that meant several meals; but the next morning he hunted long before he found one, shuffling and scuttling along on the leafy mold to hide its head under a log, spatting at him fiercely with its tail. The greater and shrewder animal turned its head out with a pole, and smote it to death; knocked off many of the quills with his club, and swore at the toughness of the hide when he sought to skin it with his stone knife.

Starnberg, fed fat on porcupine, gathered more strength. He began to search the mountains about him. There were no sheep, but he saw many white goats, clumsy and slow. He gave up even these for a time, for he had no weapon. His eye took in the black timber ridges, and marked them for good trapping-field for marten. Not

It Reasoned it Must be Safe up Here on the Crest of the Earth

that he would have violated his own trapping religion and killed a marten when its fur was rusty; but he had an idea.

He rose, and headed straight up to the foot of the mountains, knowing that a marten-trapper would lay his line of traps up there. Some instinct of gregariousness taught him that other animals of his species had been there. Beyond that he reasoned that marten-trappers must come here, as they did to every corner, from the Arctic to the farming lands, and thence to the Pacific, such being the quest for my lady's sables. But for a long time not even his keen eye found track or trail, and he was upon the point of giving it up until the next day, when he saw a faint blaze upon a spruce tree. This gave him no surprise, for he was sure it would be there, somewhere. Methodically he walked about until he picked up a second blaze on a distant tree. After a time, he found a leaning pole resting on the cut side of another sapling, eight feet up in the air, or what would be four feet or three feet up in the air when the winter snows were on the ground. He knew that there had been a marten-trap fastened at the end of the pole; but examination showed him that this was an old sign—very old, three years at least. Yet he would have hunted out the trapper's shack had he known the trapper to have been departed many years. It was in his mind, as in that of other animals, to prowl and rummage about the late living-grounds of the species.

After a time, as straight as though his nose had told him where to go, he took up the trail, and followed it a half day, and a night, and another, and so, forty miles from where he struck the trapper's line, he found an old shack, a cabin deep in the mountains, built where it looked out on every hand upon mighty pictures—pictures the man-animal recognized no more than the trapper had when he instinctively chose this place. Yet either of them would have told you that even a goat likes to lie high and look over the country, and so does a bear, and an elk, and a man-animal. They all love mountain pictures.

There was no boat at the abandoned cabin. There was no grub-cache. Evidently the trapper had departed not to return. The traps were all gone but one, a broken one, minus both of the end springs. There was no axe, no discarded clothing; there were no matches. Everything had been used or removed. Yet not everything. Starnberg found an old butter firkin—for trappers are sybaritic—and with joy kicked loose a rusted hoop, scraping it to see if it would make a blade better than a flint. A half-day's labor with grinding-stones proved to him that it would. He felt rich. Much content, he dwelt here for a time, feeling himself a prosperous man. Food, shelter, clothing were, or would be, his, and dominion over all the creatures of the earth.

Hanging under the eaves of the cabin he found a hank of twine, brought in, years ago, by the trapper for use in stretching bear hides in their frames. The bindings of the bear frame were rotted apart where they had been left out there in the sun and rain; but this twine had been kept dry, and was strong—far better than any he could make of inner barks or supple willows.

Starnberg took the cord outside the cabin and sat down, careless of the sun, his shaggy hair falling down almost to his shaggy beard. He began to test the cord, to twist it and double it, and again double it, until he had a rope. He knotted it at every inch or so, and tied a loop in one end. Then, finally, having prowled farther, and tired of the spot, he arose late in the afternoon and disappeared in the forest.

Far back on the trail Starnberg had seen the footprint of a mighty animal, as large as ten of himself, a foot that sank inches deep where his own scarce left a mark.

"That must have been old John Henry himself," thought Starnberg, in terms of trapping, and respecting this giant grizzly. None the less, nothing would serve Starnberg but the chase of this giant bear, weaponless though he was.

He followed the trail far up the mountainside, guessing at it on the rocks, seeing it plain on the high slides of snow, following it by the rushing torrent, whose voice the grizzly liked as he himself did. At times he forded the mountain rivers waist deep, shoulder deep, careless whether he swam or not. When he used a pole to steady himself, he did not place it down-stream as a prop, but up-stream, above him, to break the rush of the water, knowing that his own weight would best hold him to the bottom.

He passed through dense thickets, and high over mountain basins where the sun was warm in the day and the moon bitter cold at night. Stirred by the chase, he crossed a high summit where he wallowed waist-deep in the snow.

"I will make me snowshoes," said Starnberg. And so he did, at length finding some mountain willows and braiding them into a hoop. Thereafter he gained upon the giant, and tracked him finally into a valley miles away from his late home.

At last he located the stopping-place of the grizzly, where he was feeding on the carcass of a caribou, killed at a meadowside when it went out to feed in the evening. The man-animal lay near here for two days, feeding in part also on the caribou, partly on birds looped from the trees by a bit of his precious cord. Now he knew the trail of the giant bear, knew when and where and why he would go by, and so knew that before the following morning he would have his furry robe.

Close by the little path which the bear followed Starnberg dragged a long pole from a fallen tree whose roots still clung to it, full of clay. He propped this over the fork of another standing tree, so that the lesser end extended out over the trail. The rear end he propped up with a short stick, so that it hung balanced. Then at the expense of hours of labor he piled on this rear end a ton of leaning trees and rocks, as much work as the bear could have done in the same time. From the free end of this strong protruding pole he hung his knotted cord, with the wide, knotted noose half lying in the path; and, knowing the weakness of this, the strongest of animals, and its dislike for petty discomfort, he thrust a few sticks aimlessly here and there, point up, in the soft loam, and laid a few dead branches carelessly beside the path. The bear would avoid these, and so step into the noose, fearless and careless, although minutely painstaking in some worthless matters, such as the breaking of a twig that he could not feel through his horny palm.

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"The Queerest Thing in America"

Told by Ludwig, the Little German Cobbler

BY ERNEST POOLE

THE queerest thing in America is law. I broke the law already soon after I came from Bavaria to New York. But I did not mean it at all! And this is how:

In my clean little basement-shop, plenty big enough for just me and my shoes, I sat one morning sewing my own shoe hard—to look busy. Right above my face I could see thousands of busy legs of people and horses, and all of babies and cats. And this was fine! I was trying to whistle a tune that a hurdy-gurdy was playing; it was not half so rich and soft as our Waldteufel waltzes; but fast, excited and new—the same as I felt. I felt proud of my shop, my three cool rooms five flights up, my splendid wife, my two girls and that laughing boy Karl. Karl was thirteen, but taller than me, with hair black and curly, and a round brown face, good to look at, except where a tooth was already gone off in a fight. (I spanked him for that fight—the rascal!) So smart he was that in school he just listened to other boys read the lesson—he learned it like a speech and said it looking at his book exactly as if he was reading fine English—till I made him see this was not at all honest. Karl was *always* laughing! I never saw such a boy!

So I sat whistling over my soft old German leather apron. Down my six steep steps came a tall, thin gentleman, with a gray frock coat, a soft gray hat, a long, smooth, white face and a very big and happy smile.

"Hello!" he said cheerfully, putting in his head; "'God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world.' Hello!" He said this in German.

"Well," I said, laughing, "my merry good sir, you seem to know all there is!"

"Yes," he replied with a yawn, "I am getting the money." But in a flash he grew sad, looking down at his shining shoes. "How," he asked, "shall we ever fix these cracks and holes?"

I bent down and looked them over and felt them.

"Eighty cents," I decided at last.

"Good!" he cried; "I will bring them to-night."

But now I was thinking. I had very few jobs yet, so it was hard to tell him.

"It won't do," I said. "These are patent-leather shoes, and I could not fix them right."

"Ha—ha!" he cried, "an honest man! Or more likely a green man."

"A green man?" I asked. "What is he?"

He gave me a long, queer stare. Then his face became solemn and busy.

"My friend," he said at last, "this is a splendid, free country. In other words—be industrious, frugal and very honest—and you will be happy. But remember this—never stop pushing out your chest! For if you don't push, you will be nobody, and your son will soon smile at you. Ha—ha! I see by your face that you *have* a son, and he *does* smile a little—eh? Then, I say, be as good as your neighbors. Now, what do you see all your neighbor shopkeepers wearing? Big gold watches! Why? Because a gold watch shows business is fine! Fine! Fine!" He clapped my shoulder. "Your business is fine!" For a minute I almost thought it was.

"How much," I asked, making my voice very careless, "might such a watch cost?"

"Well," he said, "mine cost me forty-four dollars."

I laughed at such a price, and felt poor.

"But look here!" His voice became full of soft pity. "If you are *not* doing well, don't buy a watch. If you have only fifty dollars left—don't——"

"Ninety!" I cried.

"Ah! Ninety! Well—but still—you have a family, and your trade is only beginning. Watches are only for your neighbors, whose business is fine."

I Helped Him All I Could, Looking up the Worst Long Words in the Dictionary

"My business is not so bad," I growled. I hated this pity.

"No?" His smile was again big and happy. "Well—I am glad. But now about these shoes." He talked till he made me take the job. And then he pulled out his watch—a fat, gold fellow.

"Is that the forty-four-dollar one?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "but I got it easy—through a rich friend. We worked a trick. I only paid four dollars a month, for eleven months, and he let me use the watch all the time. I hardly knew I was buying anything! . . . But look here! Whose picture is that?" He pointed to the big blue one that covered my wall.

"That is my boy Karl," I said, feeling suddenly good. At once he began asking all about Karl—and I told him; and soon he was happily telling about his boy Bill; and I had a story for every one of his. To tell the truth, I even lied a little.

"Well," he said at last, smiling at his watch, "this watch is not really mine. I bought it for Bill. You see, Bill is a nice gentlemanly lad, and in school he feels ashamed because all the other lads have watches. So I'm just giving him this as a little surprise. When a lad is doing well, encourage him, give him a prize—and he will be all the more sure to make you proud of him later."

"That is right!" I cried, leaning over and looking at it.

"Now," he said, "I must go. I will come for my shoes to-morrow."

"Wait!" I cried. "Four—dollars—a month," I said to myself.

"Look here," he said, with that soft pity again. "Don't be foolish. You are poor. Let your boy feel a little ashamed—it will do him good."

"No!" I cried angrily. "I will get him one!"

"Well," he said, starting to go up, "remember the shoes."

"Wait!" I cried again.

He turned back.

"Why?" he asked impatiently. I was a little ashamed, but I begged him to show me his four-dollar trick. He did not want to, but I made him. So he took me to the store of his friend—a dark, fat man. And there, after asking many careful questions, I paid four dollars and slowly signed a big law paper—and got a beauty of a watch! I wanted to have Karl's name carved on the back, but he said we had better not.

"By the way," he said very cheerfully, when I was going, "you asked me what a green man was. Some day when I have time I will show you."

Now, over this secret my wife and I had some exciting fun! I told Karl that, if he could lead all his class, he would get the most tremendous surprise of his life. And at once Karl changed. He *had* smiled at me lately because I was old and knew nothing of New York; but now he stayed by me, very curious, and kept asking. I only chuckled and made him work harder—till at last he did lead his whole class—the brave little lad. And then one night, very slowly—with Karl and the little girls watching and begging and laughing, and my wife just beaming—I pulled out of my inside pocket that big, shining watch. And I tell you we were happy.

"My boy," I said at last, holding both his arms tight and looking hard into his eyes, "do good, honest work—every time. And every time you will get your prize. Because in this free country every boy and man is to have a fine, fair chance!" I could hardly keep my voice from shaking.

I worked harder and harder; I got much work, and I did it so carefully that often I was down in the shop till midnight. Karl's school reports were splendid, so I whistled new tunes; I joked with my customers and told good stories—and soon they sent to me their friends. In ten months I had saved a hundred and thirty dollars; and I wrote home to Bavaria that here was a great, free country. I anxiously learned English with Karl's easiest books. When any customer tried to laugh at our Republic I got angry. And when Karl read from his book that Independence Declaration, I made him learn it all by heart.

But on the fifth day of the eleventh month the fat, dark man jumped down into my shop.

"My watch!" he cried angrily. "Why did you not pay the last installment?"

"Because," I said, "you did not come for it. Here is the money." I held it out. "Now I have paid you all."

"You grafter!" he shouted. "You have failed to pay on time! Give me my watch!"

"What do you mean?" I cried, jumping up.

"I mean this!" And he read much law nonsense from that paper I had signed. I got too hot to talk. I punched my long needle into his leg.

"Get out of here!" I shouted. And I tell you that fat man went up my six steep steps in jumps.

But the next day I was called to the court. When I came there I was so angry I forgot the little English that I knew; but sitting on the steps outside the door was the tall gentleman, with his face just as smooth and cheerful as ever.

"Hello!" he said. "Don't look so angry. Look here—this good watch friend of ours has a temper like a baby; he is always running to court. But this time I have fixed him: the hot-hearted idiot has gone away, and soon I will talk him around."

Mike Signed

"Is that the Forty-four-Dollar One?" I Asked

So I went home, feeling at once very good.

But that same day, down again into my shop jumped the hot-hearted idiot with a great policeman!

"Give me my watch!" he cried.

And now, to tell the truth, I was scared. When I rose from my cobbler's bench my knees shook under my leather apron, but I laughed to show I was all right.

"You do a thing without any use," I said, "to bring a policeman to an honest man. Look—I owe you only four more dollars for the watch. And here it is."

"No more of your tricks—you grafter!" he shouted, with his face all red. "I want my watch!"

The great policeman grinned.

"*Your* watch?" I asked very quick and low with surprise.

"Yes!" he cried. "By the law now it is mine. By keeping it you are a thief!"

I made a jump at him—I could not help it! But the next minute that big policeman was pulling me off to a jail. There he pushed me into a dark little cage in a big, low room, and I grew angrier till I boiled. Then they gave me bread and soup.

"I can earn honest bread!" I cried. "I want nothing from this law place!"

When the tall, smooth face came looking sadly through the barred window of my door—I jumped up.

"What crime have I done?" I asked.

"My friend," he said in a whisper, "you are really in a very dangerous position. That man has taken out a—*body execution*."

"Execution?" I whispered.

"Not death." His whole voice shivered. "But you may linger many years in prison You have broken the law of your country."

"Law?" I cried. "What is this thing called law?"

"Don't!" he whispered. "Not so loud. This is contempt. Now, look here—I can get you out. I have seen him and he will let you go—if you pay damages."

"I will not!" I cried. "I had no time to damage him!"

But that evening he saw my good wife. And she came to my cell frightened and shaking. She said this "body execution" was the most horrible thing she had ever heard of. She sobbed and begged me. And the end of it was that we did pay—fifteen dollars for court expenses, and fifty dollars more just because I had run my long needle a very little into the leg of the hot-hearted idiot! And besides, we had to give back the watch!

"Now," said that long, smooth face cheerfully, "I don't even ask you to take my word. This is a free country. You have a perfect right to see a good lawyer." And he left me at a German lawyer's office.

But this young lawyer laughed when he heard my story.

"My opinion is," he said, "that it is all over."

I turned angrily to go.

"Hold on!" he cried. "Two dollars for my opinion."

And he made me give it!

"Now!" I said to him, "if you ever think you need a thrashing—come to me!"

I had paid a hundred and seven dollars for nothing! And so for days in my shop I ran needles through my fingers—by mistake—and I pounded my thumbs!

The worst of it was this. In the middle of his soul my boy Karl was *smiling* at me for being a stupid. He kept asking his friends about that watch and these American laws. Soon he told me how people lost diamond rings and stoves and beds in the same way we had lost the watch. He called this "the installment graft"; he talked about many other "grafts" and "political pullings"; and these bad, dishonest things he told always as though they were jokes! When I talked seriously and angrily about them, he laughed and said I was not "wise." And all this made me anxious to keep my boy's thinking close to mine.

"Look here," I said, "I can talk already a little English. Bring your chums to supper. Let us all be friends."

And he did. He brought most often one called Jim—a tall, thin newsboy older than Karl; a nice lad, but his mind was too sharp, and he gave a queer, hard smile to everything. This smile I began to see on Karl's face, too, and I was worried.

By this time Karl had learned all the Independence Declaration, to say it for a speech in school. I worked to help him; I made him say it for my wife and me every night, and the last night he did it splendidly!

"Karl!" I cried, "this is the finest speech that any boy can learn from America!" But he smiled Jim's queer smile.

I Punched My Long Needle into His Leg

"Why are you laughing?" I asked very sharp.

"Well," he said, "the speech isn't true. In New York the only free and equal men are the millionaires and grafters. Jim's father says all workingmen ought to hate the law and smash it."

I jumped and cuffed him on the ear! My wife cried, but I kept on. And the next night I talked to him hard. Because I tell you it is a dangerous thing for a young boy to laugh at the laws of his country.

This father of Jim I wanted to see, so I could show Karl where the man was wrong. And Karl took me to see him—in a dirty old tenement by the North River. He was an old longshoreman named Mike, a giant Irishman with a thick neck and tremendous muscles; but now he was all thin, and his big, red face was hard and bony from angry thoughts. He sat in a low chair—because old Mike had only one leg. He was glad to talk to anybody, and I went there a good many times; I liked him and he liked me. He had a fine, kind laugh, but he hardly ever made it. His voice was thick and harsh, and often unsteady with anger or pain—like something ready to burst. And this was his story:

Once about midnight he was working in the dark bottom of a ship. This tremendous ship must be unloaded fast, because it was worth a million dollars; so, of course, its time could not be wasted. So the gang of three hundred had worked twenty-three hours without any stop but for food or coffee—and the men were cross and swearing. Now, this Mike was wrapping a chain round a square mahogany log, forty feet long and three feet thick. About twenty feet away from him there stood another man at the bottom of the shaft, to wave his hand up to the derrick-engineer on the deck when the chain was fastened. This man was sleepy. He waved his hand too quick! And the big log swung—and smashed Mike's leg

When he opened his eyes he was on a hospital-bed, very sick from the ether. Then a young lawyer came with a satchel, and told Mike his leg had been lost by "contributory negligence." This means that the man who waved his hand was careless, and so Mike was to blame for working near such a careless man. At this Mike quickly swore, and the swearing made him faint away from pain. But when he opened his eyes again there was the lawyer still leaning close, and he said that as a friend he would advise Mike not to go to court, because there were so many of these cases piled up that Mike's case could not be tried for a year. And what would become of Mike's family? This black, cold thought made Mike fall back again in bed, and he grew too shivering sick to speak or even open his eyes. But he heard the lawyer open the satchel, he looked up, and out of the satchel tumbled a big pile of paper money that covered half the bed! The lawyer said Mike could have it all if he would settle at once by signing a paper. Mike signed. Off went the young lawyer, and then Mike got a nurse to count it. Only eighty dollars—in one-dollar bills!

So Mike hated the laws of his country.

I loaned him a little money. To my boy Karl I said nothing. I was thinking.

Any fair man could see that the law had let the big ship company do a mean thing, and I found they do this every week to some fellow. And while they use this "negligence" law to *save* money, they break another law to *make* money I mean the law against bringing contract laborers to America. Every one of us immigrants grins about this. In my Bavarian valley they had always two agents promising jobs in American coal-mines and on railroads. They do this to fill their ships. Now, I think it is good to let all the immigrants in; I think the contract labor law is bad. But, if the law is here, why should they break it? And they do—thousands of times a month. So these big companies *break* the law and get millions of dollars; they *use* the law—and Jim's father is left to try to live without the leg or the money!

I was all mixed up about America.

Well, to tell the truth, the next summer I broke a law myself. But this was the very worst law in the country. In Bavaria on Sunday afternoons I had always sat in a very old, beautiful garden, hearing music and drinking a little cool beer. But in New York one little law could make this thing a crime. In a very teasing, smiling way, Karl had told me this. Well—one hot Sunday in August I sat in our rooms trying to read an English paper. I got very nervous, my throat was like dry paper—and it tickled so! At last I jumped for my hat.

"Where are you going?" my wife asked very sharp.

"Now You Give Her Back Twenty Dollars"

"To lock my shop," I said, feeling like a bad man. "I forgot it last night."

Out I went, and I sneaked to the only saloon I know in New York that has good German beer for five cents. When I saw a policeman coming, at once I crossed the street. Slowly I came close to that little saloon, always watching. I came closer and closer to that side door. I looked all around—very careless. In I jumped! It was dark—not a sound. But I saw my friend who owned it.

"Quick!" I whispered. "Give me a glass of beer!"

I heard a roar of laughing. I looked around, and that whole low back room was full of fellows drinking and smoking—all against the law! But to tell the truth, no glass of beer ever tasted so splendid as that one. To Karl I said nothing about it.

Karl was now in the High School, and was, of course, winning prizes. He got too smart sometimes and I had to be angry. But most of the time we were good chums. You see, I have in the middle of my soul many jokes and stories; I heard more from my customers, and I always read the papers; so Karl liked me and laughed and said:

"Dad, you are beginning to get wise!"

One night he took me to his club. It had begun back in school—for debating; but now most of the fellows were working; they were all older than Karl; they were clerks for stores, and for Wall Street men, and for lawyers; they were smart, laughing young fellows with good clothes. And while they worked, here is the thing they debated:

"Is strict honesty possible in business?"

They talked for two hours, and most of them said it was not. Some told us tricks for buying and selling goods; some told stories of very great tricks on Wall Street; but the best—I mean the very worst—stories were told by the clerks of the lawyers.

"A good lawyer can get you out of anything," they kept saying.

And I was more mixed than ever. Because those stories sounded true! I walked home with Karl—saying nothing.

"Well, Dad," said he at last, smiling, "how about your Independence Declaration?"

"All right!" I cried very angry; I could say no more for a minute. "You boys don't see it!" I said at last. "But there is something fine in this country! I can feel it in that old Declaration—and I tell you it is here! Or else it *was* here."

"A long time ago," said Karl, "but now there are lots of money here to be made." And then he told a joke that made me laugh, and so we stopped our talk.

The next year Karl told me he was going to be a lawyer. And I was glad of this. I believed that even a lawyer could be honest, and anyway he was not so sure to be cheated, because he would know about law, and, if some police-protected grafter hit him, he could be more free and equal.

Soon a thing happened to show me this was true. Karl worked in a lawyer's office at ten dollars a week, going to a law-school at night. Six weeks he had worked—but not a dollar of wages; the cross old lawyer kept putting him off; till at last Karl got angry and said he must have it. And then the old lawyer kicked him from the office out!

But soon he got work with two young lawyers, and they were good, happy fellows. When he told them how he had been cheated and then kicked, they laughed. You see, they knew this cross old law grafter.

"There is a law on the books," said one of them, "a sick old law, half dead and already buried, but we will dig it up for you."

They seemed to think it a big joke; they went to the old lawyer and told him—and at once he leaned back laughing.

"Why," he cried, "that old law can't be used! I tell you I can't be touched!"

But he *was* touched splendidly by a great policeman, who took him to the jail. Still he kept shouting:

"I can't be arrested! I know! I am a lawyer!"

But you see, he *was* arrested. Still, even in his cell he shouted this, and he went nearly crazy. But the two young lawyers came looking in and laughing; and then came many police and court people to look, all laughing to see a real lawyer caught by just one old sick law. And quite soon he paid the sixty dollars—and for kick-damages a hundred and twenty more! So Karl got twice as much by a trick as by six weeks of hard working!

And after this he grew very proud of his two young employers and all their joking ways. He kept telling how smart they were and he was—until many times I had to say:

"Stop! There is nothing so foolish as boasting."

Karl was now the smartest boy I have ever seen; and so tall and dark and fine looking that often I wondered how I ever came to be his father. (But his mother had always been a beauty!) He worked hard, too—almost every night till twelve or one o'clock, on his law books—to get ready for examinations that would make him a real lawyer. I helped him all I could, looking up the worst long words in the dictionary. And then we talked and smoked our pipes and joked. You see, I was always trying to keep us two good chums together.

Soon he showed me a very smart trick. The people around us had become quickly angry, because the tenement landlords had all raised rent at one time. They had done this four times since I came to America: I was paying seventeen dollars instead of ten; so we had loud meetings of thousands of people; we made a Tenants' Union; we decided to strike. In our house, when we all refused to pay the rent, the landlord told us to get out. But now Karl told us to wait; he ran to the court, and soon he came back and told us not to go.

"But look here!" I cried. "This house belongs to this man!"

Karl only laughed.

The next day the landlord shouted that he was going to court for a sheriff. And then I was angry.

"Now," I cried to Karl, "you smart young lunatic to-night your mother will sleep in jail!"

Karl only laughed. And soon we saw how smart that boy had been. For so many hundreds of cases like ours

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LETTERS TO WOMEN IN LOVE

The Jealous Woman

By Mrs. John Van Vorst

I

To Mrs Elizabeth Aiken, Tuxedo, New York:

I was glad to receive your letter, and that you wrote directly without waiting for a further presentation than the recommendation given you by Jane Cairesbrooke through her friendship for me and her kindly confidence in my capacity to help you in your present perplexities.

Certain questions, however, I must put, and you must be good enough to answer them as you would those of a doctor whom you want to have diagnose your sufferings. Sincere you will be, of that I am sure, since you have already written to me in this spontaneous manner, telling me that you are unhappy—unhappy because you are jealous.

From Jane, of course, I know something of your life, and the peculiar circumstances under which you were brought up. She has told me that you were adopted when you were a small child by Mrs. Winthrope, a second wife of your own uncle. This Mrs. Winthrope, who is in reality no relation to you, has an only son by her first marriage. This son, Nicolas Wainright by name, naturally grew up in the same house and under the same influences with you, and from what Jane has given me to understand he has been always like a brother to you. That you married very young, and that you have been many years a widow I have heard also through our mutual friend. This is only a smattering of what I must be told. So now prepare for my questions!

First of all—and this *entre nous*, of course—how old are you? When I know this I shall have my surest clew in guiding you to combat successfully the "green-eyed monster."

If you are jealous, does it go without saying you must be in love? There are those who pretend that the two sentiments are inseparable, and that any one who ignores this peculiar unreasoning master of our reason cannot imagine what love is. Such is not my opinion. Without going into details, it is safe to affirm that love alone arouses jealousy in the masculine mind. With women it is not so. We, alas, often continue all the symptoms, the trying, tormenting symptoms of the disease, when the malady itself is cured. To be more explicit: a woman may go on being jealous when her love has turned to hatred. I do not take this to be your case.

The matter of age, upon which I insist in a way that may seem to you indiscreet, is important for this reason, that it determines what course of action one should pursue toward the object of one's passion. To make a rule—rather sweeping perhaps, as all rules are—if you are twenty, twenty-five, possibly twenty-six, there is but one thing for you to do: render jealous the man of whom you are jealous yourself. This is youth's privilege, to assert its charm.

Now, on the other hand, if you have doubled your twenties and entered the "serious" age, you must learn to be indulgent. The power of these later years lies in their accumulated memories. And the bond which holds the man you love to this common past is your present tenderness.

If you are twenty, have confidence in yourself. If you are forty, have confidence in the man you love.

Let us not go further until I have received your answer to my first question. In writing I must ask you also to tell me more about yourself and about the man you love. Tell me how he occupies himself and what you do with your leisure; for it is a man's duties and a woman's pleasures which most surely indicate their characters.

The Fatal Morning When You Discovered the Letter

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mrs. Van Vorst's papers.

II

To the same:

Your letter has come, and I see that you respond to my question as though I really were a doctor endeavoring to diagnose your case. Among the answers you give there are some which please me. Others I find unfavorable to our cause.

The man you love, this Nicolas Wainright with whom you have been brought up—as a sister, the world supposes, little initiated—this man is a doctor. Here we go from bad to worse. No profession so cuts a man off from the woman who loves him.

Now, the door scarcely closes behind him when the old jealousy returns. You torture yourself with such reflections as this:

"He pretends that he has gone to treat a patient. He is tired of me already—this is worse than any sickness. . . ."

Finally, in our list of unfortunate facts, there is that of your age, which, alas, no power can alter. You are thirty-eight. A wonderful time no doubt for a woman. The rose is never so sweet nor so brilliant as when it is full blown. Provided that wind and rain deal gently, and leave it thus blooming for a few days at the most, we feel with sadness, as we look at it, that to-morrow it must fade. Its petals, unfurled, will fall one by one to the earth, leaving it reft of beauty. Thus melancholy steals into the hours that should be only joyful, as the shadows forecast the night while the sun is yet high. Melancholy has no color of its own. It takes form and light from our ruling passions. If your ruling passion is jealousy, melancholy will whet it as the pedal magnifies the sound of the piano.

The reasons why a jealous woman should, as the years advance, dread losing her influence over the man she loves are too apparent. I shall not dwell upon them. Enough indeed has been said about that side of the balance which gives us cause for anxiety. Let us now have a glance at the reassuring evidence.

In the first place, I am delighted that you are so feminine. You don't care a bit about reforming humanity. You are much more preoccupied over the exquisiteness of your own home. You wish everything to be perfect in your house and housekeeping; and you are quite right. There is no surer way of fixing the tenderness of a man than by letting him feel that you want to make the place where you receive him a sanctuary of this tenderness.

You are right in giving your personal attention to your clothes. Money alone is not enough to give. Men don't know anything about "shirring" and "gathering" and "bias folds," but they are as quick as a flash to distinguish and appreciate the little touch you have added with your own hand to a dressmaker's creation.

One of the great secrets of happiness for a woman is this power to enjoy what gives pleasure to the man.

Since circumstances do not permit you to marry the man you love (for you tell me that so long as Mrs. Winthrope lives there is no chance of your becoming the wife of Nicolas Wainright), I am not sorry that you had no children by your first marriage. The children of a father who no longer holds the first place in their mother's heart are a source of anxiety and annoyance. They oblige a woman to lead two distinct lives; one as a mother, and one as an *amoureuse*. A contradiction arises in her state of mind, and she ends by being unable to devote herself wholly to either of the rôles.

The maternal instinct is not lacking in you. You tell me you have a menagerie of dogs and birds and animals of all sorts! The dependence of these creatures upon you is a comfort in your existence. You like to feel that they need you. This longing to be indispensable is one of woman's charms. It is one of the forces of her love.

If you give up to your suspicions without possessing any proofs, it must be that you are terribly afraid of losing Nicolas Wainright. He must be absolutely necessary to your happiness. "You can't live without him." This is a power in itself, but, dear, what bad use you are making of it! The true love of a man and a woman for each other is too rare and precious a thing to be destroyed. If its safety is threatened by the overweening pride of one or of the other, this pride should in the end harness itself submissively to love's triumphal chariot. You will say that I am becoming poetical. The subject is perhaps conducive, but I hope you will find some grains of common-sense scattered among my flowery phrases!

III

To the same:

I have just read your note, or rather bulletin, received this morning. I am glad you agree with me in recognizing the ingenuity of jealousy. So far as I can judge, however, your state of mind is no more calm than it was before. Yet, from the medical point of view, I can't see that you have been "exposed" to the "attack" which you seem to fear.

You have no real ground for jealousy. You have suspicions. You have no proof. If it were not for these suspicions, you tell me, you would be blissful. Alas, this only confirms my opinion that it is very hard for a woman not to be miserable, even when she is happy! Which anomaly has its cause in the very way women love.

Puzzled by certain cases which came up before him, Judge Parry, I remember, asked me one day:

"Why is it that a woman can't forgive a man for drinking when she would forgive the same man for committing a theft?"

I answered that I supposed it was because the man who has stolen or dishonored his name is in dire need of his wife to sustain him. And so I believe it to be. A woman will remain more attached to a thief who has need of her than to a genius who can get along without her!

Yet, if we will but recognize it, there are always ways in which a man is helpless enough to employ all our tenderness. The truth is we want a man to need us in our way, not in his own; and this is the great menace to happiness.

When a man is falling in love he abdicates momentarily his egoism. The expression "a man is paying attention to a woman" exactly describes his psychological condition. Literally he is paying attention to her tastes, her likes and dislikes, to his own manner of pleasing her, to the anticipation of the least desire on her part, and the suppression of anything in himself—even his favorite hobby—which may disgust her. This makes of him a most charming companion! It would be quite enough to explain that some girls postpone the hour of marrying while so many men are "paying attention" to them, they are perfectly happy

Once the honeymoon is over the man begins to "pay attention" to himself, and to his work, if he has any. This is horribly irritating. The most natural thing is to say "he doesn't love me as he used to." Perhaps he doesn't in just the same way—in your way But what, after all, would be the outcome of "your way"?

The fact that you and Doctor Wainright must prolong your courtship, because circumstances make it impossible for you to marry, renders the conditions of this courtship different from the ordinary.

You would not have him give up his career? You love him for what he is and does, don't you?

Yet there is in you an obscure jealousy of his occupation which takes him from you. You love him for the very thing that makes you unhappy. What does this contradiction mean? We must analyze it, but not to-day.

IV

To the same:

Yours received yesterday. Accept my congratulations on the clever way you have shown the limits of your soul. Given your own diagram, it is not difficult to "locate" your malady. It lies in the realm of the feelings.

The Maternal Instinct is Not Lacking in You

Some wise person has said: "Don't have any feelings that can be hurt."

You might interpret this as a recommendation to let your heart become as a stone. Not at all! What it means is that your intelligence should stand side by side with your sensibilities, and that one should control and the other soften.

But to return to your hurt feelings. Nothing is more disheartening and irritating than the sniffling, sensative woman. You can hear her husband roaring at her:

"Didn't you *know* I didn't mean it?"

She confesses she knew he didn't, but she goes on crying!

Men go to the other extreme. Their intelligence and will power are generally more developed than their sensibilities, so that half the time they don't even know what it is they have done to give offense. Confess yourself that a good number of the little things which have caused you suffering on Doctor Wainright's part, he did not dream could hurt you.

What are you to do about it? Stop feeling? No, not that. But stop feeling what you know isn't true. Think first. Reason. Then feel accordingly.

It is not so easy, you say? It would not be if we had not at our disposal the Will. By an effort of your will you can bring about the tranquillity necessary to happiness in your relations with Nicolas Wainright. You know he loves you better than any one in the world. Then, by your will, make yourself believe it, and act as though it were true.

V

To the same:

Your telegram is a shock. I gather from it that Doctor Wainright has been injured in a runaway accident. I am writing Jane to give me news at once, knowing that you will be too much overcome. Courage, my dear friend.

VI

To the same

Jane's letter has come in answer to mine. She gives me sad news indeed! Doctor Wainright has narrowly escaped with his life, he who does nothing but save the lives of others. If those heavy trucks had not happened to be on the road to pinion his carriage as it passed, the horse and all would probably have dashed over the ravine into the lake. It is frightful to think of, and I can imagine the state you were in and the shock you had when you heard that the doctor had been picked up unconscious.

It is like a horrible nightmare from which you are just awakening. The worst is over, Jane tells me, and at once the thought has flashed through my mind that perhaps now your jealousy will be cured once and for all! You might have fancied in a moment of excitement that a slight indifference on Wainright's part was the worst thing that could happen to you—that you were really unhappy. But you have watched him now through hours of unconsciousness, when it has seemed to you—I do not doubt it—that you would be willing to have him indifferent for the rest of your life if he could only get well again!

I say you have "watched" him, for Jane gives me at least one good bit of news. Together with this wound, you have received something in the nature of a healing balm. Wainright's mother, Mrs. Winthrope, has begged you to come and help her nurse the patient! In the face of such anxiety she has departed from her egoism for the time being at least. She makes an appeal to your tenderness to care for her son. Beware, my dear, that you don't fall ever so slightly into Mrs. Winthrope's egoism by your very delight in monopolizing your invalid.

You certainly couldn't want him to be sick all the time? Yet you have never been so happy as now? Does this mean, then, that your happiness depends upon the destiny of others fulfilling some abnormal conditions? Isn't this like your dear adopted aunt?

But you will think me a kill-joy.

One thing at all events I can assure you, which is, that, no matter how ill you might be, Nicolas—or any other man, and just because he is a man—would be incapable of caring for you with the assiduity which you have shown during this illness. Men need a little "outside element." They must have fresh air, change of scene they want the news, and contact with their fellow-creatures, however serious may be the anxieties of their home life. Too much application on the part of some womanly companion wrung for her, from a celebrated poet, the trying appellation of "Horrible angel of devotion!" Don't be cross with me. I am only trying to bring a little "outside element" into your sick-room.

VII

To the same:

Your telegram just received. I am perfectly bewildered. You tell me not to write further, but I cannot help it. I must know what has happened. You say all is broken off for ever between you and Doctor Wainright. What does it mean? Do, out of pity for your unknown friend, send a line of explanation.

VIII

To the same:

Your second telegram came just as I had sent out my hasty note to you. I am glad that there seems a glimmer of light for you. I hope it comes from yourself. Your letter should reach me to-morrow. Meanwhile, have courage. And above all, don't, like most of us women when we have found out something that makes us miserable, try to get proofs to confirm it!

IX

To the same:

At last your letter has come. It sounds in my ears like the cry of a wounded bird. Poor, dear friend, I pity you truly. Yet, we need not dwell upon self-commiseration. In action alone is there any relief from suffering. But first of all, let me see—your letter is written so confusedly and in such haste—whether I have really grasped the situation.

At Doctor Wainright's request one morning you had come back into his room in the best of spirits, your heart overflowing with tenderness, etc., when he asked you to find for him a certain business letter from some medical faculty, which had been in the pocket of his coat at the time of the accident. No one, naturally, in the excitement that had followed, had thought of looking through the doctor's coat-pockets. So, with proper directions, you found the garment in question. It is from here on that your letter becomes like the recitation of one half mad.

You took out from Nicolas' pocketbook the envelope which you supposed to be the one in question. You pulled from between its folds a page written over closely in a woman's hand. At once your eyes fell upon the beginning—your heart seemed to stop beating; you read on, you finished the letter, devouring, as though with the all-sweeping glance of a hawk, every line, every word, every

expression of tenderness, of love, of passion, traced in this fine writing of a woman who spoke with the assurance, the authority, the audacity of one who has a right to say what is in her heart because she loves and is loved.

Ah, poor friend!

It is useless to say that, having seen the first line, you should have hastily replaced where you found it this fatal missive. No, that would have been superhuman. You did what every woman would have done, what Pandora did. But must you suffer as Pandora did? Is it quite the same? Oh, I hope not, and I trust that we can together find some light upon the subject whereby to guide you again toward the happiness that was filling your life!

What seems, more almost than everything else, to be galling to you, is that this person who writes in such a way to Nicolas is some one you know about—some one, you protest, so absolutely inferior to yourself.

And if she had been superior? Would that have made it any easier? Wouldn't it, on the contrary, have aggravated your sufferings because they were in a measure without remedy?

"But they are without remedy, anyway!" I can hear you cry. Perhaps not wholly, if you can call upon your reason, and not let your feelings "get the better of you"; above all, if you can crush your wounded pride. This is the great affair. The mountain of granite, the wall of iron between you and Nicolas now is this pride outraged.

You would gladly, you say, with more confidence in the unselfishness of your intentions, have kept this discovery from Nicolas. But a glance at yourself in the glass as you turned mechanically to replace the letter revealed sufficiently that there would be no hiding from your friend what your feelings were. You had not had time even to lay aside your cloak and hat, having arrived only a moment before.

It seemed to you as you lifted your arms to take off your hat that the very hatpins weighed a thousand tons. You could not weep. You trembled, you kept your face averted.

"Elizabeth!"

It was Wainright's voice. A protestation followed of love, an appeal for forgiveness. Nicolas called you to him—you went. It seemed to you that the touch of his hand on yours was like some poisonous sting. When he tried to put his arms about you, there was a revulsion which showed but too plainly in the expression of terror and displeasure of your face. Even the dread that this emotion might cause him some serious harm in his present condition did not touch you. You didn't care. The only thought reiterated in your mind was:

"It is finished. It can never be the same!" There was an almost tragic sense of self-justification in this idea that your suspicions had all been well-founded, that things were worse, more awful, more humiliating than you had ever supposed them in your most jealous moments.

We should never lose sight of the truth which is back of all the conventions that have endeavored for generations to smother it. I may seem paradoxical, but I believe I am right, when I say that in woman jealousy is the end of her power, in man it is the beginning of his authority.

Now, quite on the contrary, forgiveness is the end of a man's authority and it is a beginning of a woman's power.

Deep down in the bottom of your heart, are you really and truly, vanity apart, jealous of this person who has written to Wainright? Do you suppose that any sentiment he may have had for her has in any way disturbed or diminished the uninterrupted devotion he has, for so many years, shown you?

It may, and sometimes does, amuse a man that you should be jealous when there is no reason for it. It is a tacit admission on your part, not unflattering to him, that his charm is sufficient to attract an admiration which could rival your own. This vague anxiety regarding an anonymous, impersonal being who represents a possibility rather than an existing state of affairs, is not displeasing.

But there is nothing more humiliating to a man's very marrow than the spectacle of this revulsion brought about in the woman he loves by a tangible proof that she is not able completely to fill his life.

Why is it, when a woman loves a man, that it makes no difference to her, as a rule, what his past has been?

Isn't this indifference equivalent on her part to an avowal that what he has done in bygone days—however recent may be to him as though it had not been? That is to say, that there are certain experiences through which a man may pass, not unscathed exactly—that is not the word—but without their having in the slightest degree modified him, diminished him, augmented him, or in any way taken possession of or invaded that part of him which we call the "soul."

If this passing fancy, this adventure, this incident, which a letter has revealed to you, had been something in the past, would you not have said:

"Of course I'm not jealous; Nicolas never really cared for her."

It's not in the past, though. This letter has a recent date, several days only before the doctor's accident. Perhaps one of the very times when he was most lovely to you he had just received such a letter! . . . The thought is unbearable.

Remember that the future is as much yours as the present. You have two courses of action open to you: forgiveness and persecution.

You can't forgive him. Or at least you say that, even if you did, you could not forget; things would never be the same. Who knows—they might be better?

By persecution, even silent—which is the most subtle and ugly sort—at what end will you arrive? You will gradually alienate from you the man whom you love better than anything in the world. It will be your own work, deliberate, determined. In Doctor Wainright's attitude toward you there was never anything that truly, justly, you could reproach. Whatever may have been his feelings for the person whose letter you found in his keeping, they in no way affected him, so that you could not be—only a week ago—perfectly happy with him. By persecution you will give substance to a phantom. This incident will take, in Wainright's mind even, an importance which you know he himself did not give it.

The question to ask yourself is this: "Do you love Nicolas Wainright? Yes or no?"

Tell me frankly, and let me know also whether you want me to write again. Perhaps I offend you by my hard reasoning. Don't fancy I am not pitying you.

"Didn't You *Know* I Didn't Mean It?"

X

To the same:

You have made your own choice. You might have stayed and tried to forget; you preferred leaving. You owed it, you say, to the sincerity of your love for the past not to lie to Wainright to-day.

I can quite understand your feelings; yet, after affirming all this as though you were absolutely sure of yourself, and convinced that you had chosen the better part, you seem traversed by a shade of anxiety. You ask me in rather an appealing accent whether I approve of you. With the same "shade of anxiety" in my voice I respond:

"Yes. . . . I approve of you. If things were exactly as you represent them you would be in the right. It is always a mistake to give way to one's passions of any sort. But there are times when it would be better to sacrifice yourself and others with one fell swoop than to feign a sentiment which is insincere, and which you cannot keep up. What so irrevocable as the mask that falls, revealing the truth to the culprit at the moment he fancies himself pardoned?"

I imagine there is a quiver of uncertainty in your tone as you ask:

"Am I right?"

You are not wholly convinced. Indeed this very hesitation suggests to my mind that your leaving Wainright was wrong. Question your own conscience. Before you receive this response of mine it will answer like a judge, if you put yourself face to face with it in this way:

"Before you discovered that letter, was Nicolas, do you believe, sincere in his manifestations of tenderness?"

As conscience tolerates only the truth, you answer:

"Yes. He was sincere."

"Then how do you explain this letter?"

"I don't explain it. I can't."

"Is it your reason that is shocked?"

"No, my feelings."

This, I recognize, means that your sufferings are all the more keen. It is undeniably awful, what has happened; but perhaps with effort and patience you might be able to understand how this man who loves you could possibly have done a thing which causes you genuine misery.

You are back again in your own home. Since the fatal morning when you discovered the letter you have not seen the doctor. You are living in that painful atmosphere between old memories that are happy and recent distressing souvenirs. You recollect a thousand little acts on Wainright's part whose very loveliness is poisoned by comparison with the unpardonable act which reflects its disfiguring light upon all the rest.

I believe you are in the most trying position a woman can be in. No one, perhaps, but yourself can help you. I should be glad, however, if you wish, to go step by step with you over the ground, trying to discern—this I believe is what you want me to do, and it is certainly what I want to do—any facts that can plead in favor of Wainright and against your decision.

XI

To the same:

"Yes," you say, "help me!" You are suffering in the very isolation you have imposed upon yourself. Mrs. Winthrope, naturally indignant at your sudden disappearance, has not written you once, in spite of your protestations to her that you returned because you were ill. Nicolas has sent you a letter every day—"the most beautiful you have ever received from him"—but he tells you nothing of his health; he speaks only of his distress at having caused this separation. Yet your state of mind remains unchanged. You are in that condition described by the nuns—who sometimes suffer it in their religion—as "hardness of heart."

You would "give anything" to feel as you used to feel. Love, you argue, is like a plant; if the roots receive a blow, it never, even though it go on living, can flower again. "O death in life, the days that are no more! . . .

Stop short here! You are feeding your own morbid malady.

Let us go back and take up the "history of the case."

You were from the beginning more or less of a victim. At least, so you considered yourself, because of Mrs. Winthrope's attitude. This idea that she was keeping you from marrying her son blinded you to the advantages of your position. There was in your relations with Doctor Wainright a freedom which is one of love's first requirements. Marriage, by the legal nature of it, implies an obligation. This you have never felt. You have been free to dispose of your heart as you liked, to fix it in the

(Continued on Page 13)

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

The Fraction Bothered Her

III

ROCK turned to the table where eight or ten telephone instruments stood. He must discourage not only Colonel Robinson, but the English bondholders as well. He would cable to his London brokers later in the day. Other stocks than the Virginia Central ought logically to go down. In order to divert suspicion he must not attack Virginia Central alone. If the weakness was general, the decline of any one stock would look "natural," and naturalness is the first essential of really skillful manipulation, since naturalness and convincingness are synonymous. In the last vigorous attacks of the campaign, Virginia Central would bear the brunt of the pounding, as it was proper it should. It would be safe to do so by that time. He took one of the several desk-telephones on the long table.

"Tell Mr. Dunlap to come to the 'phone, please."

He put down the instrument and walked to the ticker, studying the tape. Presently a bell rang. Rock took the same telephone.

"Dan? -Yes.—What's the last Virginia? 45½? How easily does the real article come out?" (He meant actual stock, not traders' contracts.) "Good.—Well, let up now, but see that the price doesn't get back above 46¼ on any rally; and pound it again just before the close if it doesn't go down of its own accord. I'll attend to London. —You can let Cross sell Cross, yes.—Let Cross sell five thousand Roanoke at the market. Not too eagerly. Understand?—And distribute a few five-hundred-share lots.—Reduce the supporting orders in Roanoke." (The orders he had given out to buy his own stock in case others tried to sell.) "And you, personally, buy five hundred every eighth down, as loudly as you please, Dan." (That would show that poor Rock was "supporting" his own "specialty," and was suffering, like other magnates, from the general selling movement.) "If you think it advisable, you might also sell a few other stocks.—Catch the idea? Yes.—Good-by—Hello?—Don't lose any more Virginia Central than you can help.—That's all."

Rock was obliged to be very explicit, and to volunteer answers to the questions he knew Dunlap would have asked if sharp-eared telephone clerks in that particular row of booths on the Exchange were not surrounding him. They knew that when Dunlap telephoned it was to Rock, and they knew Rock was a gold-mine in an active market. Rock also knew it. He sometimes sold bricks from his gold-mine to the clerks' employers - without paying commissions to the clerks. Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. Rock took pains. He was very rich.

He rang the bell for Valentine. The cashier came in. Before Rock could ask any questions, Valentine said: "Morson says the St. Louis is just docking." The news of young Sam Rock's return had excited the front office far more than the private office.

Rock, still unexcited by the news, said: "A-ha!" And then: "Telephone Rosenstein to quote thirty-day puts in London on ten thousand shares of Virginia Central. As soon as he answers cable orders to sell five thousand shares about two o'clock, their time, to-morrow. You'll have to be down early to-morrow morning. If I may cables for news, say it looks like lower prices to us."

"Yes, sir."

An office-boy entered.

"There's a lady to see you, Mr. Rock."

"Huh?" Rock looked at the boy with a frown of non-comprehension.

"She said her name was Mrs. Collyer," went on the boy, transferring the blame with the effect of dropping a hot poker.

"She said she knew you were busy, but she would only take half a minute," the boy continued accusingly.

"Very well," said Rock. "Show her into the next room. That's all, Valentine."

"I've warned Willie always to say ——" began the cashier apologetically.

"Oh, well," said Rock with a smile, and went into the adjoining room. "Of course, I am always in to Mrs. Collyer."

Mrs. Collyer was the widow of his best friend. He and Jack Collyer had been chums as schoolboys and at college, and their wives had been chums as schoolgirls. Minnie Rock had died first. Sampson Rock had been the executor of Jack's estate. At first he used to dine at Mrs. Collyer's every Wednesday. Of late years he had dropped out of the habit. Sam was five years older than Fanny Collyer; she was ten years wiser than he, Sampson Rock had once told Miss Fanny in Sam's hearing. It was when Sam came home from the football field, a seven-columned hero newspaper—with bruises and limps and aches and an air!

In the next room Mrs. Collyer was speaking to Fanny. She was stout and hated it. In hot weather she could hardly breathe, having illusions as to dressmakers. She was white-haired with a youngish face, which looked more florid than it really was because of the contrast with the snowy whiteness of the hair and the resolute expression she habitually wore. It pleased her, for some reason, to think she could think. Even when she indulged in small talk she often looked distrait, as if her real mind were thinking of serious things even while her auxiliary, or society, mind was forced by the exigencies of the situation to stoop to trifles. She had nice manners when she was not interested in the stock-market; but even when she was gambling, if she was inattentive to another's impressive remarks, she often discovered it in time and apologized: "My dear, I'm perfectly impossible, I know. I was thinking about some investments. I really don't know what's come over me in my old age unless it is that the cost of living increases so every day." Her family connections made it possible for her to refer to her insufficient income with impunity. She had a rather nice smile at times. Also, she sometimes had common-sense, even though she sought to get something for nothing in the stock-market. She rather feared Rock because his advice to her was always to invest, and she had so little to invest that at four per cent. per annum it meant practically nothing. Just now she was counting on her fingers, a frown on her face, her eyes on the electrolier.

"Mamma, what in the world are you ——" Fanny began.

"Hush!" hissed Mrs. Collyer, waving the uncounting hand at her daughter.

Fanny persisted. "It makes me uncomfortable to see you there, muttering and ——"

"How do you do, Marie?" said Rock. "And Fanny! My, this is nice." He had always been fond of her. It showed in his speech.

"How do you do, Sampson?" said Mrs. Collyer, nodding, but without ceasing to count mechanically. "I came down to see Wilson and Nesbit"—

her lawyers, in the same office building, who took care of the two small houses she owned—"about some leases, and I thought I might as well see you about ——" She was again counting, counting!

"Well, Uncle Sam," hastily interjected Fanny, with a very friendly smile to offset the counting, "you are looking so well that I fancy the bears—or the bulls, is it?—must be feeling pretty ill."

"No complaint; everybody satisfied," laughed Rock. "But as I get a good look at you it strikes me some young men must be feeling pretty uncomfortable, I'll bet."

"Only five. When's Sam due?"

"Is he the sixth?"

"The first, Uncle Sam." She was rather a serious-minded girl. Her sense of humor was national rather than individual, and her flippancy came from a half-conscious imitation of the habitual speech of her friends.

"Expect him any minute. His boat's at the dock now."

"Some Men Accumulate Love-Letters. I'm Great on Luggage"

The girl's face brightened. "Oh, is it? Won't it be jolly if he finds us here! I would have gone to the pier to meet him if I'd known it was to-day. I'll wait here, may I?"

For some reason Rock looked toward Mrs. Collyer, who was counting, counting! She caught his look and said: "What was that, Sampson? I was figuring how much ——"

"Sam's back!" cried Fanny. Her face wore a look of mingled pleasure and annoyance: Sam was in New York; and her mother was in Wall Street.

"Isn't that nice! He's been away a long time, hasn't he? Sampson, you know that one thousand Roanoke I bought last week?"

"No, I don't," answered Rock with a polite frown, as if he did not forgive himself for his ignorance.

"You don't? Why, you told me yourself to do it."

"I did? I haven't seen you in two months, Marie."

"Yes, but you told me then."

"It was around seventy at the time."

"Well, I forgot all about it," said Mrs. Collyer very impressively, "until I heard one of the Van Courtlandt-Jones I think it was Frank—say the other day it was very strong and looked like going higher. I telephoned Mr. Valentine to buy a thousand shares for me and he did. I have the report at home," she finished, as if clinching an argument. Of course Rock must remember now.

He nodded.

"What did you pay for it?"

"Seventy-eight. What is it now?"

"Seventy-five."

"Sampson Rock!"

"My dear Marie, if you wanted to invest $78,000 why didn't you find ——"

"But I don't want to *invest* any money at all. Do you think I carry $78,000 around for a pocket-piece? I wanted to speculate." She spoke as though making a confession, but also as though some one else were to blame for the things she confessed.

"Well, then, speculate. As long as you stick to one-thousand-share lots you can't lose very much." Rock felt certain that Roanoke would eventually sell higher. But if it went down he would see to it that Mrs. Collyer was not sold out. That was why he had made Dunlap & Co. her brokers. But he never told her; she would have lived in the office had she known his intentions.

"I can't? Sampson, this dealing in mythical millions"—Rock could see that the alliteration pleased her; she exuded so much visible wisdom—"that you Wall Street men call operations, completely destroys your sense of relative values. I can lose a thousand dollars a point, can't I?" She defied, Ajax-like, the lightning of contradiction.

"Mother, think of your only child!" implored Fanny with a pained look. It was in jest. But, also, she did not wish Rock to be vexed with the Collyers. And though she believed in his business infallibility, because she was very fond of him and because she read the newspapers, she did not relish the possibility of loss.

"And I only wanted to make vacation money and not lose half a year's income." Mrs. Collyer's voice had an accusing ring. She never before had speculated so heavily. But there were so many things she wished to buy! And now Sampson Rock deliberately ——

"Do you mean to say that in your mad plunge you have ——" began Fanny, in exaggerated alarm. She was intensely unhappy whenever her mother had anything to do with stocks. It made her count, count!

Rock laughed. "Well, Marie, cheer up. It's only down three points and ——"

"Three!" Mrs. Collyer's alarm was quite real.

"It's seventy-five now and you bought it at seventy-eight ——"

Mrs. Collyer resumed her counting, aloud and not so calmly. "Seventy-eight, seventy-nine, eighty ——"

It was the way she loved to count; it had become an ascending habit.

"The other way, mother, dear; it's down," said Fanny, sweetly spiteful because it seemed retribution, and also might have educational value.

Rock laughed. Mrs. Collyer indignantly, but doggedly, began to count on her fingers: "Seventy-five, seventy-four, seventy ——"

"You've lost $3000," interrupted Fanny unsympathetically. "Hasn't she, Uncle Sampson?"

"I have not," retorted Mrs. Collyer sharply, before Rock could answer. "Fanny, I wish you wouldn't interrupt me when I'm thinking."

"There's no loss—yet," began Rock slowly.

"I knew ——"

"And there won't be any if you have patience."

"Oh, I'll be patient enough!" said Mrs. Collyer amicably. Then her face clouded with doubt and suspicion. Gambling and jealousy have some things in common.

"H'm!" muttered Fanny with a frown. Her mother shot a rebuking glance at her. Rock interjected quickly:

"Marie, Roanoke is going to sell higher ——"

"When?" interrupted Mrs. Collyer. To a gambler, patience is the suggestion of an unintelligent fiend recommending the pursuit of the unattainable.

"Before long. I think it will go to par."

"That means ——" said Mrs. Collyer with a smile that showed she knew, but preferred Rock to put it tersely for Fanny's benefit. Men are so good at definitions!

"A hundred dollars a share."

As by magic, Mrs. Collyer began counting, counting! She gave it up between eighty-five and ninety.

"How much will I make?" she said, with an air of arithmetical surrender combined with strictly businesslike curiosity.

"Twenty thousand," answered Rock.

She beamed on him.

"Sampson, you are a genius! I always said you were, and nobody is gladder of your success than I. Oh, if our poor ——"

Rock frowned slightly. He knew she was about to mention his wife's name, and he did not like to be reminded of his loss, even after these many years. A knock at the door made him seize the opportunity avidly. He said, "Excuse me," very quickly and opened the door. It was Valentine, who told him Dunlap wanted him on the 'phone.

Rock was suggesting certain attacks when the door opened and five messenger-boys entered, laden with valises, hat-boxes, bundles of rugs and canes, and a heavy piece of iron that looked like some part of a machine. Behind them was a small, wiry, swarthy man in an automobile cap who stood very straight, with an expression of haughty *ennui*. Sampson Rock, the receiver still held to his ear, took in the messenger-boys and then looked sharply at the Frenchman—there was no mistaking his nationality. The man returned the stare coolly, as befitted a world-renowned scorcher, but old Rock's eyes took on such an expression that the Frenchman's hand went up to his cap. He did not remove the headgear, but he looked at the floor and mumbled. The messenger-boys, like bubbles drawn together by capillary attraction, grouped themselves about a bundle of canes and alpenstocks as about a Maypole and looked expectant, as though the final chapter was yet to be written. Wall Street was good graft.

"Yes, yes. Do as you say, Dan," Rock said to the telephone and hung up the receiver.

"Sam's beginning to arrive," muttered Rock a trifle impatiently. Sam evidently had not changed. Then Rock heard the sound of voices in the front office—jovial shouts and laughter—and he was walking thither when the door opened and his son entered.

"Hello, Dad!" shouted Sampson Rock, Junior, and held out his hand.

"How do you do, Sam?" said Sampson Rock, Senior.

They shook hands.

Sampson Rock, Junior, was twenty-five and looked younger. His eyes were blue gray and a trifle restless, with a suggestion of impatience and withal carelessness. The brow, the nose and the chin were the brow and the nose and the chin of Sampson Rock. But, possibly because of his youth, he was a more athletic and a cleaner-cut Sampson Rock. The mouth, inherited from the mother, was different, as though laughter came more easily to him. The father's eyes were grayer than the son's; not more intelligent so much as more purposeful. The elder Rock looked as if he always knew what he was doing; the younger as if he knew what he was not doing and did not care. He was heavily sun-tanned.

Sam scrutinized his father with a sort of quizzical affection.

"You don't look as if my absence had affected your appetite, Dad," he said. "Business must be good."

"And you look as always." Rock said this kindly enough; but, as he glanced at the luggage strewn all about the office, he added, with a shade of impatience: "Only more so."

Sam laughed. "Well, some men accumulate love-letters, others debts. I'm great on luggage." He waved his hand toward the messenger-boys and their burdens. "All mine, and more at the dock. Wait until you see the crime of the century—one hundred horse-power, and the duty ——"

"H'm!" grunted Rock unenthusiastically. Sam was still a motor-maniac. "Mrs. Collyer and Fanny are in the next room."

Sam's troubles over automobiles and duties vanished and his face brightened. "Where, Dad?" he asked eagerly, and Rock pointed to the door. Sam hurried to meet them.

"How do you do, Aunt Marie?" he said joyfully. "Hello, Fan!" he shouted.

"My boy, you're looking splendid," said Mrs. Collyer. She wasn't his aunt, but he had always called her so. He

"I Guess Not, My Child," and He Kissed Her

threw an arm about her and smacked her resoundingly on the cheek. Then he hastened toward Fanny.

Her color had risen and her eyes were very bright.

"Welcome back, Sam," she said, and held out her hand. He looked very brown—a strong and good-looking chap, very healthy and very glad to see her.

"What?" said Sam, indignantly ignoring the hand. "I guess not, my child," and he kissed her. He was the same Sam, she decided. She was a year and a half older than when she had last seen him. But he was not. He did not look it and did not act it.

"I tell you," he said generally, "it makes a man feel like something to be back."

"You've been pretty much everywhere, haven't you, Sam?" said Mrs. Collyer absently. She began to count on the fingers of her right hand, but caught herself and thereupon gave Sam a rather formal smile. She really was very fond of him. But he was interrupting her golden calculations. The human heart has room for many affections; but for passions, only one at a time. She was not a rich woman, and life was so short! There was no time to lose. Fanny needed so many things and the stock-market was nice at times. This time . . .

"Yes. And if I had known you were looking so well I'd have cut short my sightseeing and hurried back. No sight to equal this anywhere. Has Fanny been a dutiful child?"

"No," said Fanny.

"Well, I'm back now," he menaced. He laughed again. "My, my, it's good to be back! Your house for mine, to-night."

"We're going to ——" began Mrs. Collyer explanatorily.

"That's all right. I'll go too," said Sam, with an air of overlooking an unintentional mistake.

"Do you know them? — the Van Courtlandt-Joneses?"

"What? Frank Jones? That little shrimp? I guess he ought to be glad to see me, considering I saved his life at college. If it hadn't been for me he'd have killed himself studying. Ask him. I was an usher at his wedding, don't you remember?"

"So you were," agreed Mrs. Collyer. Her acquiescence sounded desultory. To prove she had not forgotten what she had never thought of remembering she added: "I remember now." Womanlike, she clinched it: "Of course!"

Sampson Rock entered.

"Sampson," said Mrs. Collyer, "he looks very well." She assumed Rock could have but one "he" to interest him in life. Fanny smiled acquiescently and almost felt like the chorus.

Sampson Rock looked at Sam critically; whereupon Sam arose, inflated his chest and said in a deep voice: "Yes!"

Sampson Rock laughed and approached his son. On his face there was a look of satisfaction, almost of pride. He was not thinking of the Virginia Central. He felt Sam's biceps, and Sam obligingly doubled up his arm. He was hard as nails.

"Gad, what couldn't I do with this and a good digestion!" Rock exclaimed in mock regret.

"Don't forget the brains," laughed Sam. "Keep in training and don't make too much money." He made a motion as if to throw his arm around his father's neck, but Rock, unaware of it, walked away. Fanny felt a vague sense of embarrassment as if her outstretched hand had been deliberately ignored. Sam was too young for his years; too careless. That was the trouble with being an only son and motherless, when the father was a very busy man. Sam was just Sam . . .

"Sampson," observed Mrs. Collyer with an air of business-like determination, "if Roanoke is going to par, why can't I buy another thousand?" If there is a heap of gold pieces within reach, why not use a shovel?

"You, too, Aunt Marie?" interjected Sam mournfully.

"Yes. Isn't it dreadful?" said Fanny. Sam looked at her with mock sympathy; but his eyes suddenly took on an interested look: she had grown into a very pretty girl in his absence. He had never before in his life thought about her looks. But she was the first New York girl he had seen in months. Fanny felt his stare and, unpleasantly conscious of it, ended it by laughing: "She's always studying the market quotations. That's all she gets the newspapers for. She sometimes doesn't lose."

"My dear Marie," Rock answered Mrs. Collyer with the merest suspicion of impatience, "nobody can tell with absolute certainty what a stock may or may not do."

"Can't *you?*" asked Mrs. Collyer with a flattering incredulity. She smiled, to let him see that she knew *he* could tell, of course. She had risked more than she could afford to lose, convinced of his infallibility.

"No, I can't," answered Rock so decisively that Sam stared at him, and after a pause said:

"Well, I always imagined it was your business to know and to keep the other fellow from finding out."

The gold pieces in the distance seemed to Mrs. Collyer to grow tarnished, until they did not look like gold. Then they grew bright and beautiful again, because, of course, Rock knew she would win. Of course! For scouring tarnished gold, use hope.

It annoyed Rock. No thought, no study, no work; sure-thing gambling: that was what they thought he did. It was the same thing the ignorant masses thought. Not the faintest suspicion of the struggle and the competition, the planning and the fighting, the never-absent danger of disaster. Did they know that he sometimes risked his financial life? That he had no monopoly of brains or courage? That there was more to the game he played than the gamble? That he was other than a money-making machine? Nothing—they knew nothing; and his only son, who should know all, knew nothing.

"Well, I don't, and it's about time you ——" He hesitated. Fanny could not help looking as she felt—uncomfortable. She divined rather than understood his annoyance.

Sam frowned and asked: "I what, Dad?"

Rock turned it off with a laugh. He replied:

"Buy Roanoke to hold for par and see if it's so certain."

"Sampson," hastily put in Mrs. Collyer in a spasm of common-sense prompted by fear -which again tightly bandaged hope's eyes--"if you think there's any danger, perhaps I'd better sell out mine before I lose anything." She did not wish to lose a little in preference to losing all. All she wished was that she would not lose a penny, but make thousands. It was the woman in business -conventional words of wisdom and the irrepressible heart's desire. Business; woman.

"But you've already lost $3000," observed Fanny.

"I have not," said Mrs. Collyer determinedly. How could that be when she did not wish it to be?

"What's the price now?" asked Sam hopefully. "It was thirty-five when I left." The bare knowledge of it was the extent of his interest in his father's business.

"Seventy-five," said Fanny quickly. Great changes had been in stocks in eighteen months, but Sam had not read the market reports.

"Whew!" whistled Sam. "Bull market; and here I've been economizing ——"

"Maybe it's gone up since we came," suggested Mrs. Collyer, so hopefully that Rock laughed. Mrs. Collyer thereupon beamed gratefully on him. No man laughs at a funeral, and she had begun to fear her speculation would end in one. She was on the point of thanking him for laughing at her when Sam said:

"I'll see." He started toward the private office to look at the ticker, saying: "Come, Fanny."

"No," said Fanny, because she felt the impropriety of playing at business in this office. "I want to be here when you break the news." At the door Sam paused and asked:

"What's the blooming abbreviation for Roanoke?"

"The same as it always has been," answered Rock sharply. The boy was the same—he knew nothing about his father's business; not even the two letters on the tape that should have interested him if for no other reason than because they told how much he was to inherit. That his own flesh and blood did not know what was a part of him almost killed the sense of kinship. Rock finished impatiently: "RK."

From the other room Sam called out in triumph: "Here it is: *five hundred!*"

Mrs. Collyer jumped electrically. "It—can't—can't be—p-possible ——" she murmured tremulously. Could a human being make a half million in three minutes and not quake before emitting the exultant whoop? Rock roared. Fanny half-smiled. She did not understand.

"Five hundred shares at 73⅛," shouted Sam. "Somebody's swatting it for keeps."

"Seventy-three and five-eighths!" almost shrieked Mrs. Collyer. The fingers on her right hand began to count, tapping feverishly on her thumb. The fraction bothered her. How much was five-eighths of a thousand dollars? How much was even one-eighth? Rock said seriously:

"The whole market's very weak. But Roanoke will come out all right, Marie. If it goes any lower ——"

"You—don't—think—it's—going—*lower?*" whispered Mrs. Collyer. She had been a tippler of the wine of gambling, intoxicating herself with counting and spending the money the marvelous and kindly ticker would surely—oh, yes, surely!—make for her. Usually it was only a hundred shares. This time she had plunged—this time of all times! Plunged, and the abyss was bottomless!

"It might. And then we'll buy you another thousand ——"

"But ——" Mrs. Collyer began in consternation. To lose—that is to say, to stop the heart's action by means of a vise of frozen steel, and yet survive! Man or woman, hero or craven, there is no intellect about it, only the squeezed heart and the icy numbness.

"And then you stand to win fifty thousand. And you will, too," finished Rock. He looked absolutely confident.

"Very well," said Mrs. Collyer doubtfully. Fifty thousand! She began to count on her right hand, with each motion of her fingers loosening the clutch of the frozen steel vise, passing from doubt to delight. She took a deep draft of the wine. It went to her head in a second. "That will be fine, Sampson. We'll have a nice celebration—won't we?—when Roanoke goes to par!" Her voice rang triumphantly and her eyes grew misty, as she smiled entrancedly at Fanny, at Sam, at Sampson Rock, at all the world! Oh, she would make them all happy with the money. That blessed money was made to be spent in happiness. Nothing would be extravagant. Everything that she could not now afford, that was what she would buy when Roanoke went to par!

"How funny that sounds—*when Roanoke goes to par!*" said Fanny.

"That's the office slogan," smiled Sampson Rock.

"You don't understand business, my dear," mildly snubbed the mother. "Come," she added regretfully, "we must be going." And she rose, looking as though she would like to be contradicted. She would have liked to see the actual minting of the dollars that could not be spent extravagantly, whatever they might be used to buy.

They went out, all talking at the same time, and Rock returned to the private office to the watch of the ticker. The general, while the battle was waging, had been without a telescope. Now he could see how his lieutenants were fighting.

IV

THE battle was not going as planned. Prices had begun to rally ahead of time. They should not have shown resistance to the bear attack until Rock himself, with his wise lack of precipitancy, had helped the recovery. It was not a "drive" he had in mind, but a campaign of depression.

Gilmartin, who had duly sold his tip to a half-dozen gamblers, and then had impressively told it in confidence to a half-hundred more, had written and sent out the following through his news-agency:

The selling of Virginia Central, which is the feature of the market, has every appearance of being by the inside party. It is understood that the recent investigation into the affairs of the company in the interest of an English syndicate has been disappointing to the friends of the property. This will make it difficult to float the $10,000,000 of stock authorized by the stockholders some time ago, but not yet issued. It is confidently expected in well-informed circles that lower prices for the stock will be seen.

That item, and the inevitable verbal variations of it in the boardroom, had helped Virginia Central to go down; but other financiers were not quite ready to let their own specialties decline just then, and their support had steadied the market. This in turn frightened some of the shorts in Virginia Central, and they began to buy back the stock they had sold earlier in the day. The price was rising once more. It was 46¼—the figure which Rock had told Dunlap must be the limit of the recovery. Among others, Cosmopolitan Traction was particularly strong.

Sam returned, smiling. His father said shortly: "Send those things away." He pointed to the luggage and the statuefied messengers.

Sam stared at his father; then he smiled and answered: "Very well, dad. This is a breechlock of one of the Spion Kop guns, supposed to have killed nobody knows how many Englishmen." He patted the piece of steel caressingly. There was a story to it—and to the way he secured it. It had cost money, and insidious persuasion, and there had been the risk of a patriotic Boer bullet or two.

But his father said curtly: "Send it home." Not so much the luggage, but the presence of the messenger-boys and the chauffeur destroyed his feeling of privacy and annoyed him.

"I wanted to talk to you," remonstrated Sam.

"You don't need all that truck to talk, do you? Send it to the house. You can follow later." It was not especially unpleasant, the Old Man's manner; rather it was a sort of impersonal irritation. He was frowning.

Sam could see that it was at something in the market. The effect was as of listening to a voice without seeing the speaker's face. The madly-whirring ticker was discharging psychic waves into the atmosphere of this office, filling it with something unseen, but most curiously felt. Sam knew that every stroke printed a letter or a figure that meant something to thousands of watching eyes; and even as this thought came to him he almost could feel the unblinking stare of the hungry eyes which he now remembered the ticker-fiends had. Whatever it was, that something was visible and audible and disturbing to his father. Dollars were being won and being lost, because somewhere, in other offices, in other States, in other countries, human brains were working—planning, scheming, attacking, defending, hoping, fearing—somewhere, everywhere. To many, the ticker might be a roulette-wheel, the marker of chance and its caprices. But to a chosen few, the handful who fought against the mob, it meant far more—the success or the failure of great plans, the exact tonnage the tireless railroads were carrying or were not carrying, or expected or did not expect to carry—the tonnage that could not increase or decrease without the ticker telling of it. The pulse-beats of the working world, that was what the ticker-strokes were. And yet, in the whirring and the clicking of the little wheels there rang the same metallic note, the money-monotone, the sound of clashing dollars, as if a cloud of coins were rising and falling, blown this way and that, to and from pockets; and that part of it was the least interesting. Less than thoughts, Sam's mind for a few seconds recorded merely fleeting impressions, in seeking to establish the connection between the ticker's message and his father's ill-humor and his own aloofness from both. There stirred within him a vague feeling of uncomfortable inactivity, of being a spectator at a battle between his countrymen and a foreign foe. What was his father doing?

Sam turned suddenly to the chauffeur he had brought back with him, and spoke some words in French. The man nodded carelessly, whereupon Sam, whose mood no longer was careless, said two words sharply, and the man touched his cap with his forefinger, said, "*Oui, monsieur,*" and picked up a ridiculous French valise and a small kit of tools. To the messenger-boys Sam said: "Pick up these things, boys, and go with this man to 14 East Seventy-third Street. Here's a dollar. Divide it even. The cab is waiting downstairs." He followed them, and at the door said: "Say, Val, pay these chaps, will you?" and returned to his father. But the interruption had made his heart cease to beat in tune with the pulse of the ticker.

Rock was watching the tape. The tide was rising when it should have ebbed. Virginia Central had sold up to 46¼, notwithstanding his instructions to Dunlap. Other stocks were rising. He walked quickly to the long table, and picked up Dunlap's telephone.

"Hello!" he said sharply.—"Mr. Dunlap, at once!" and waited, frowning. Presently: "Yes—Dan, this won't do.—Is that it?—Well, deny it; it isn't true.—I want the rally checked.—You attend to Virginia Central.—I'll do the rest.—Sell ten thousand.—No!—No!—Virginia Central.—Reduce the support in Roanoke.—Make it two hundred every quarter down and two thousand at seventy-three; twenty-five hundred at seventy-two and five thousand at seventy-one, if it should go there.—No use to wait till the close."

He turned and picked up another telephone.

"Hello?—Mr. Kirby, please.—Well, then Mr. Higgins.—Hello?—Higgins?—Rock.—Sell five thousand St. James—No, short.—Account R.—Very well.—Send them to Valentine." He took up a third transmitter and said: "Number four, please, in a hurry." He waited, frowning—not in anger, but in thought. "Willie? Listen carefully.—Sell five thousand each of Great Southern preferred, Broomstick common, Allegheny Central and Mohawk Valley.—Give it out to Meighan & Cross and Rivers and Dolliver.—It's supposed to be very good selling. I'm glad you understand.—No, no, borrow it privately.—Yes; I think the market is going down.—Don't tell them until after you have sold out mine.—What?—Immediately!—I want to see you.—No hurry; after three will do."

He rose and returned to the watch of the ticker.

His father's words meant less to Sam than his father's look and his father's voice. They impressed him, mysteriously, inarticulately, more as though the spirit which animated this man somehow had the power to set aquivering those little nerves that cause thrills in us; and they made him wonder if his father were not, after all, the lord of the ticker, so that the ticker obediently repeated the message that the master said should go forth to the thousands of well-dressed men with hungry eyes. To speak to the world and to have the world listen—and shiver or exult as the speaker willed—that was worth while. The man could be greater than the ticker.

"I say, Dad," began Sam admiringly. He stopped because he saw that Rock did not hear. His commands were being executed, and he was noting the effect. Great Southern preferred, of all others, was resisting over well. It ought to be the chief loser if Rock secured the Virginia Central and turned it over to the Roanoke. The stock should reflect the loss. There was not any loss yet; but when it came those who had taken time by the forelock—"discounting" it, Wall Street calls it—would profit.

Back to the telephone table:

"Hello?—Mr. Cross.—Yes.—Cross?—Rock.—Sell ten thousand Great Southern preferred.—At the market.—Give it out in one-thousand-share lots.—At once.—You ought to get it off without breaking eighty.—No, not below eighty.—Borrow it.—No, as openly as you can. They'll think it's surely long stock, if you are anxious to make them think it's short stock. At once!"

Back to the ticker, one elbow leaning on the corner of the ticker-stand, tense, immobile, watching the cascading tape intently, his soul and mind and body merged into a pair of unblinking eyes to which every printed character was full of meaning, surcharged with significance, eloquent in its directness. The first volley had been fired by Dunlap; now Higgins; Willie was obeying orders: Cross and his artillery had arrived; and . . .

The market began to go his way. Blood was being shed and it was golden blood, and he was unscathed. There

(Continued on Page 32)

Wall Street was Good Graft

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Over-Praising Mr. Bryan

"IT IS Bryan's mission," sadly and solemnly remarks a great newspaper of Republican proclivities, "to destroy a once powerful and reputable political organization." Probably this seems calamitous to those who hold, with Secretary Shaw, that the young elector should vote for Parties rather than for Men, because Parties represent Principles.

The Principle that the political organization represented when, according to our grieved contemporary, it was powerful and reputable, is discoverable from history. In that halcyon time it was fusing in the West with Populists who stood for quick death to trusts, while in the East it was dominated by Tammany, which the trusts owned. The Principle was To Get the Offices. This was a very good Principle; but, unfortunately, it was exactly the one which the other powerful and reputable political organization also represented. In that period it was the custom to distinguish the leading spokesmen and newspapers of one party from those of the other by attaching a tag in brackets, thus: "Senator Smith (Rep.)." "The New York Clarion (Dem.)." Without the tag, no one could tell the difference. When the people gave the offices to the powerful and reputable organization which Mr. Bryan is destroying, upon its pledge to reform the tariff, it enacted a tariff law which was so like the tariff law of the other party that President Cleveland denounced it in language of memorable bitterness—thereby himself introducing the new and destructive Principle that Getting Office ought not to be the aim of political endeavor.

Colonel Bryan is not entitled to all the credit, nor has he a monopoly of the mission. Theodore Roosevelt, last winter, opened many a gaping seam in a powerful and reputable political organization. It is still rather a question whether the cohesive power of the Office-Getting Principle will keep the seams from widening beyond the danger-point.

The Civilization of Rate-Making

PRESIDENT STICKNEY, of the Chicago Great Western, speaking out of abundant practical experience, appeals to the Interstate Commerce Commission to set up a system of rate-making which shall, in some degree, possess the desirable qualities of orderliness and intelligibility. And the Commission, although realizing the great difficulties in the way of so revolutionary a step, is still inclined toward it.

At present, as Mr. Stickney points out, rate-making is so amazing a hodgepodge that railroad station agents themselves cannot understand the schedules, and only a few highly expert and especially gifted persons at headquarters can find out, in a given case, what the rate is. Schedules frequently contain two or more rates for the same shipment. "It goes without saying," Mr. Stickney adds, "that the small shippers pay the highest of such scheduled rates, and that the large shippers, who employ expert traffic managers, pay the lowest rates."

It does not appear, however, that the constant and pious purpose to gouge the small shipper in favor of the big entirely accounts for the muddle. It is due in part to that dull and exclusively "practical" order of mind which refuses to concern itself with anything except the immediate need of the moment. Physical necessities enforced a higher grade of intelligence upon the construction and operating departments. But, where necessity did not force it, the roads failed to bring it in.

It now remains for an enlightened and benevolent Government to elevate rate-making from benighted barbarism to civilization.

Harvard Men and Typewriters

"THE trouble with Union Pacific," said Russell Sage, upon a memorable occasion, "is that it has been run too much by Harvard graduates and typewriters." This was in November, 1890, after awful tribulation in the stock-market, and when the dazed Street was realizing that, as one net result of the slaughter, Jay Gould had secured control of the road. President Charles Francis Adams and three other directors, presumably open to the academic imputation, handed in their resignations and were succeeded by Gould, Sage, Henry B. Hyde and Alexander E. Orr—a conjunction of names which has an interest that is not exclusively reminiscent. Gould then wrote a letter to the press, pointing out that the freight traffic of the western and southwestern roads amounted to sixteen billion ton-miles yearly, and that the average rate per ton per mile had fallen 1.4 mills under the operation—or, rather, the failure to operate—of the "gentlemen's agreement," whereby the presidents of the lines had sought to control competition. As this 1.4 mills decline, applied to the sixteen billion ton-miles, meant an annual loss of $22,400,000, Mr. Gould opined that railroad security-holders should have a better bulwark than the agreement of gentlemen who never stayed agreed.

Almost, if not quite, all the tremendous battles and stratagems of the railroad world in the last sixteen years have arisen from the effort to save that mill, or fraction of a mill, per ton per mile from the teeth of competition. That is why Harriman captured Southern Pacific and Alton, and negotiates for Baltimore and Ohio, why he and Hill fought over Northern Pacific, why Hill and Morgan bought the Burlington, why Mr. Perkins got busy at midnight to rescue Louisville and Nashville from the Gates crowd, and so on.

And the impressive baronial war-footing, to save the mill, still obtains.

But now, after all the unacademic toils and pains of Mr. Gould and his successors, the Harvard graduate and the typewriter are coming back—under the wing of the Interstate Commerce Commission—to introduce the purely academic qualities of science and equity into the troubled railroad field.

The Journey Around the Sun

APPARENTLY Nature knows no such thing as the Seasons: out in the fields there are changes going on all the time, and one phase of growth slips silently into the next, but we who live in the so-called temperate climate know that there is such a fact as winter or summer, spring or fall. We wake up some morning to find an unexpected tingle in the air; the hills that have formed the misty horizon are suddenly nearer and bluer—it is autumn. Some weeks later, with a gray sky, a frozen earth, and a few flakes of snow, winter arrives, and then we wait for that melting day in March when the frogs begin to sing in the pool on the corner lot, and we say that the spring has come.

It is a great thing to have this experience of change, to realize the passing of the Seasons, even if it means no more than putting on an overcoat or buying a straw hat. It gives variety to the soul of man, and a sense of variety is what, probably, largely distinguishes him from his less conscious neighbors. It gives him energy, also, by substituting a new degree of heat or cold, another mixture of the elements in the enveloping atmosphere, which affects his nervous system. It gives him hope, at least a sneaking conviction that, in the recurring novelty of the new Season, there may be hidden something of special importance to him.

Generally speaking, the races that experience the Seasons are the races that have what we call Progress, the races that do the biggest part of the world's business. When the watermelon disappears from the lunch-counter and the waffle begins to take its place, let us rejoice that we are saved from the insipidity of those lands where it is "always summer," as the railway advertisements say, where the flowers have no more sense than to bloom all the year round.

A Dull Traction Problem

CHICAGO has been constantly engaged with its street-railroad problem for several years. The last mayoralty election turned upon it. There have been acts of the Legislature to permit municipal ownership and great lawsuits to determine which of the franchises were valid, and how much taxes the companies should pay. The matters of grooved rails and underground trolleys and end-gates, and of the value of the companies' tangible and intangible property, have been hotly and copiously discussed. Even the casual newspaper reader has become a sort of traction expert, and can talk learnedly about through routes, transfers and trailer-cars, and whether the poles ought to be in the middle of the street or at the curb. Indeed, it seemed that there was no possible phase of street-railroad affairs that had not been brought out and worn threadbare.

Yet Mayor Dunne thinks he has discovered such a one, and is attempting to arouse public attention to it. He has written a letter to the companies and the State's Attorney, pointing out that in one hundred days forty-eight lives have been lost in street-car accidents—some of them due to defective construction or equipment that could be easily remedied if the companies were not so busy with the big and really important questions.

The Mayor believes something ought to be done about it. As to arousing public interest, the newspapers are evidently dubious. They print the letter over on the back pages, where the things that may be skipped usually go. Year after year the reports of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company show about a million dollars expended in settling damages and for legal expenses—which means largely for persons killed or maimed. The report for the last fiscal year, recently issued, has a good deal to say about construction, rolling stock and terminals; but nothing about the damages for killing and maiming. After all, these damages amount to only about five per cent. of the gross earnings, and are treated as a sort of fixed charge. It's quite cheap; and nobody seems very much interested—except the particular victims, or their widows and orphans.

Hot Air Versus Lake Breezes

THEY were laying the corner-stone of the new court-house in Chicago. Several thousand persons—largely the inevitable city crowd that an arrest or a man in a fit always attracts—gathered at the intersection of two busy streets, badly paved with granite blocks, and stopped travel. Before them rose the skeleton of the new building, painted a painful red. The pine grandstand, scantily decorated with bunting, held some hundreds of prominent citizens. At the angle of the stand towered the lean form of the Vice-President, very sweaty in his long black coat, vigorously waving his arms and making motions with his mouth. Now and then, above the clatter of traffic, the shrill warning of street-car gongs and the deep blasts of tug whistles, one caught such phrases as "This grand Republic" and "Dauntless patriotism." Several conscientious prominent citizens put their hands behind their ears in an attempt to follow the orator.

A lady at the edge of the crowd excitedly protested because a street-cleaner swept dirt against her skirt. Two neighboring gentlemen, their legs somewhat bespattered, warmly espoused the lady's cause. The street-cleaner, being the only person in sight who was usefully employed, shook his head and withdrew. The crowd, comprehending that the orator was done—from the fact that he bowed and ruthlessly encased his steaming brows in a silk hat—dutifully applauded.

Somebody remembered that the building, being of steel construction, really had no corner-stone. The gathering dispersed and let belated street-car passengers get home. The newspapers said it was a grand and imposing ceremony.

Formerly, no matter what ailed a man, the doctors bled him, and frequently killed him thereby. Before that they used to exorcise evil spirits with incantations. Some ancient superstitions die out. Others persist.

His Idiotic Lordship

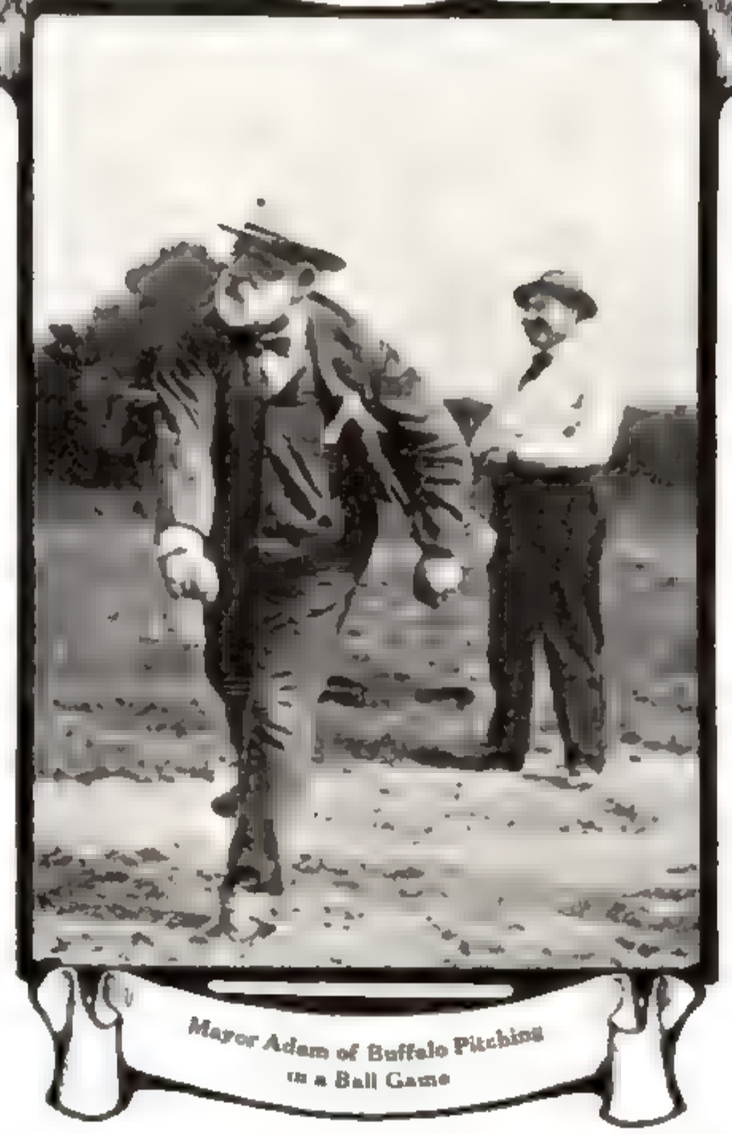
A PEER of the British realm has just been declared mentally incapable of managing his own affairs. It was no snap-judgment: the proceedings were according to proper process of law. The inquiry lasted two weeks; the testimony was that of England's most eminent alienists; the verdict was handed up by a jury of twenty-one men, and the decision was handed down by a judge of the Supreme Court. The law definitely pronounced the unfortunate man too feeble of mind to attend to his own business.

This legal imbecile is an hereditary member of Britain's higher House of Parliament. But the opinion of the alienists, the verdict of the jury, the decision of the court—none of these will affect his standing in the House of Lords. That curious survival of feudalism takes the position that what is bequeathed by the accident of birth and rank cannot be withdrawn by the logic of law and science. His Lordship may be an idiot, but his father had a voice in directing his nation's destiny, and therefore so must the son.

The doctrine of hereditary prerogative has at last achieved its *reductio ad absurdum*. The action of the House of Lords has been known to hinge on a single vote. It is now possible that the affairs of 400,000,000 people may some day depend on the ballot of a man who cannot manage his own.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



Mayor Adam of Buffalo Pitching in a Ball Game

A Business Head

JAMES N. ADAM, Mayor of Buffalo, looks like an owl—that is, he looks like an owl in a Turner-haystack, impressionistic sort of a way. Of course, he looks like a sublimated owl, a well-groomed, well-fed, intellectual, jolly old owl, and not like the ordinary owl of commerce; but the resemblance is there. When you get your first glance at that face you ponder: "Where have I seen that countenance before?" Then it flashes over you: in the aviary—certainly.

The owl is wise. So is J. N. Adam, wise to the thirty-third degree. The owl is dignified and grave and impressive. So is J. N. The owl has a glint of mischief in its half-closed eyes. So has he. And when the owl goes into action it opens its eyes. So does the Mayor—opens them wide, and when those lids come up there are breakers ahead for the other fellow.

The eyes, we have been informed reliably by numerous poets, are the mirrors of the soul. Or is it the windows? Something with glass in it, anyhow. That is well enough for poetry, and well enough for that kind of eyes. Still, any person who bases a hypothesis on J. N. Adam's eyes being mirrors, or windows, or reflectors, or peepholes at his soul has another hasty guess coming. Mirrors of his soul? Not so you could notice it! The J. N. Adam eyes are the man down the street with the red flag yelling: "Blah—st coming!" They are the signals of danger in that immediate vicinity. They are the heliographs foretelling a rapidly advancing area of high pressure, and the unlucky person on whom they are turned would do well to have his fur overcoat at hand, for it is bound to be chilly thereabouts within a short space of time. When the Mayor is at ease he has his eyes half-closed, seeing everything, but not being seen. When he is due to strike out straight from the shoulder, open come the eyes and then—'ware shoals!

Soon after he became Mayor, he was conducting a police-department investigation. There had been some sort of a financial irregularity and he was digging to the bottom of it with serene indifference as to whose gardens the roots he found led to. As is usual in all City Halls, when anything interesting is going on, many clerks from various departments, some of them in their shirt-sleeves and the rest in their office-coats, had dropped in to hear what was going on. The Mayor sat listening to the testimony, putting in a question now and then, and not at all the picture of a virile reformer.

Suddenly the eyes came open with a pop.

"Who are those people?" he asked, pointing to the collection of shirt-sleeved and office-coated men.

"Employees in some of the departments," he was told.

"Ah!" he said. "Clerks, I take it." The eyes were wide open then and blazing. "Now, gentlemen," he said to the frightened clerks, "when I was at the head of my drygoods store and there was a conference or a meeting in my office, it was not customary for the clerks in the store to come up and listen to what was said. They had duties elsewhere, and the conference was none of their business, anyway. Nor do I deem it necessary to have clerks here when the head of the city is holding an investigation. If there is such a surplus of labor in this City Hall that you can be spared to loiter here, I shall see to it at once that the proper reductions in the forces are made, so that there shall be employment for only enough to carry on the city's business. Do you understand?"

They understood. They almost jumped over the stair-railings in their hurry to get back to their desks. Since that time there has been a decrease in the attendance of clerks at the various functions in the Buffalo City Hall.

You see, the clerks knew the Mayor meant exactly what he said. That is his reputation, and that is the reason he is Mayor. Buffalo came to understand, after many years of experience with him as the head of a great drygoods store and in his public life, that when J. N. Adam made a statement he did not complicate it with idle persiflage. Municipal affairs had gone badly in the few years before they nominated him. "Put J. N. in," they said, "and clean things up." So they put him in, and he is working at his job of cleansing, vigorously and without fear or favor.

The Mayor is a Scotchman, born in that country. He fills all the specifications that the Scotch say go with the blood. He is shrewd, hard-headed, honest, straight-laced, industrious and thrifty. And canny? Of course, he couldn't be a Scotchman if he was not canny. They invented that word for the race, or the race invented it for themselves. It doesn't matter. All Scotchmen are canny, but J. N. Adam has about every canny Scotchman you ever saw canned. He built up a big drygoods business in Buffalo and took the usual prominent-citizen part in municipal affairs, although he had a broader knowledge than most prominent citizens of what was going on, and he had a way of saying things that the politicians did not like. When Buffalo got a new charter, establishing a Board of Councilmen as a sort of a governor for the Board of Aldermen, Adam was made a councilman. He served there for years and killed many a job. He was a close student of municipal affairs. They couldn't fool him much, although his field of action was somewhat limited.

He was a Democrat, but he didn't let that hamper him. He hammered his party colleagues just as cheerfully and just as lustily as he hammered the Republicans. He thought politics hadn't much business in municipal affairs, and worked with that idea in mind. The Democrats nominated him for Mayor, but all parties elected him. Since election he has given Democrats the offices, thus establishing himself as a consistent party man, but not making appointments that would impugn his reputation for independence. As has been observed, he is canny.

Yes, he is canny, for although he observed party affiliations in most of his appointments, he did not give the politicians a chance to say anything about whom should be selected. A few days after he was elected he called in the reporters and handed them a list of names.

"These men," he said, "will be appointed to the various offices set opposite their names."

The politicians read the list, got purple-faced and ran wildly to the City Hall.

"See here, Mr. Mayor," they protested, "you have announced appointments for offices that will not be vacant for eighteen months—and two years in some instances. What's the use of that? Why, we can't tell what may happen in two years."

"Oh, yes, we can, in a way," the Mayor said—and his eyes were wide open at the time. "We can tell to this extent: If I am alive and these men are alive, they will get the offices I have selected for them. Good-morning."

Then he went into his office and chuckled in his beard. He had relieved himself of all office-seekers, for he had made appointments for every office in his gift that came vacant during his term. It was revolutionary.

With the appointments off his hands, he went at the government of the city just as he would have gone at the government of his drygoods store if it had not been running to suit him. On the first day he was in office he sent to all heads of departments and asked for balance-sheets. He wanted to know how much their appropriations were, how much they had spent, how much they had on hand, and what were the unpaid bills and other liabilities. That seemed a simple request to his business mind, but it put the City Hall in a panic. The heads didn't know. They couldn't get up their balance-sheets.

"All right," said the Mayor, "I'll get them up for you."

He went into every department with a probe. He worked day and night with his secretary going over books, papers, vouchers, contracts and all the details of the offices. He had a suspicion the people were not getting what they were paying for, and he proved it in many cases.

There was a rattling of dry bones. Skeletons were pulled out of pigeonholes, and the question—always with the eyes wide open—"Why is this so?" was asked the dismayed department-heads with a directness and a demand for an answer that made them shiver. Some of them tried to fool him. They overlooked the fact that he had been studying municipal affairs for years. "This is the way they do it in Chicago" (or somewhere else), they pleaded. "The charter says this can be done."

"You surprise me," the Mayor answered. "I had an idea the charter said so and so"—and it did say exactly that so and so. The heads of departments did not know—what a few of the Mayor's intimate friends know—that he has three libraries in his house. He is a bookish man. In his first library he has his literature. His fad is Browning and the sermons of Robertson of Brighton. He has shelves full of editions in these two lines. His second library is full of encyclopædias and atlases and maps and all sorts of historical and other reference works. Then upstairs, just off his sleeping-room, there is the third library. It is a small room jammed with books, and every one of those books relates to municipal government. He has charters and statistics and reports of all kinds from all sorts of cities. He spends hours in that room.

The Mayor is running the city just as he ran his drygoods store, with a close supervision of the income and the outgo. Nothing gets by him that is not warranted.

The Mayor is a handsome, gray-bearded man in his sixties. He is broad-shouldered, thick-chested, ruddy, and as vigorous as an athlete. Every summer he goes to Scotland for a month, and spends the time out-of-doors in the mountains that surround the village where he was born and where two of his sisters still live. He is a great fresh-air man. He walks miles and miles and keeps in the sunshine as much as he can. His father was a Presbyterian minister, and the son is strong in that faith.

All told, he is as wholesome and red-blooded a citizen as can be found in the State.

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Getting On in the World

STEPS AND MISSTEPS ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE

IN THE days when lawyers still rode the circuit from one court-point to another—to be precise, at Champaign, Illinois, in 18[illegible]—a case involving about seventeen hundred dollars was in litigation between the city and the county. A young lawyer named James W. Langley, afterward colonel of the 126th Illinois Volunteers during the Civil War, had been appointed corporation counsel, but, as this was his first case, he asked for assistance in conducting it. He was the more dubious because Captain Moses, a veteran of the Black Hawk War, with considerable reputation as a statutory lawyer, was opposed to him. The necessary permission was very readily granted by the city authorities, and the young man secured Abraham Lincoln—whom he had met at the time when he had been admitted to the bar a year or two before—to give his sanction to the method of conducting the case which Langley had outlined, or to suggest a new one.

Langley had made a very copious brief, searching the authorities for every case which seemed to have any bearing upon the one involved. Lincoln examined the brief carefully, leaning back the while in a chair with his long legs crossed, while the youngster awaited his verdict anxiously. Presently the great common-law authority laid the brief on the table.

"I reckon, young man," he drawled in his quaint way, looking over his spectacles, "you have got it all in there." Then he explained, in the kindliest manner, that two or three strong supporting authorities were as good as forty.

The case came up before Judge Davis, of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, afterward appointed by Lincoln to the Supreme Court of the United States. He was a very large man, weighing about 325 pounds, and to the young lawyer his dignity was portentous. Some years later, it may be stated here, Colonel Langley was elected for several successive terms to fill the very seat formerly occupied by Judge Davis, but at this time these old-established lawyers seemed to carry a weight of learning that awed him.

However, after Captain Moses had presented his case, Langley made what he supposed to be the preliminary speech for his side. He referred now and again to certain points which Mr. Lincoln would elaborate. In fact, it was quite apparent that he was depending greatly on the reinforcement of his great colleague's clinching remarks.

After he had sat down, Judge Davis looked at Mr. Lincoln, and, without waiting for him to speak, began his summing up.

Langley was on his feet in an instant. "Your Honor, I must beg a moment's consideration of you," he said. "Mr. Lincoln has not yet spoken."

The judge looked at Lincoln, and a slight smile passed between them. It was the custom when a judge found argument convincing not to hear further discussion from that side. But of this tacitly understood custom the young man was not aware.

Again the judge began, and again Langley interrupted: "But, your Honor, Mr. Lincoln's speech is essential ——"

He stopped, feeling a tug at his coat. Looking round, he met Abraham Lincoln's whimsical eyes.

"I reckon, young man," said the future President in a burlesque whisper that could be heard all over the courtroom, "I reckon the judge—kinder—leans our way."

Then the boy understood. In happy confusion he sat down. He had won his first case. —*William MacLeod Raine.*

An Office Man's Side-Line

FOR a number of years I have held a position as stenographer for a law-firm at a salary of less than one hundred dollars per month. Having a family to support, this income has sufficed for little over a bare living. About two years ago I asked my employers for an increase in salary, but was told that they were paying me all they felt they could afford, although as my work did not require all my time,

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they would consent to my taking up any other work which would not interfere with my office duties.

For some time I racked my brain for a practicable side-line. One day I overheard a merchant complaining about a bad account he had contracted with a person, who, he had just learned, was a chronic "dead beat" and owed a number of other local dealers. He made the remark that there should be some system whereby merchants could protect themselves and each other from such experiences.

I had often heard of Business Men's Associations in large cities, and that day I wrote to a friend in an Eastern city who secured for me some data as to the working of these associations. As soon as I received this, I visited a number of leading local merchants, and broached the plan of forming a Retail Merchants' Association in our town. The dealer whom I had overheard complaining a few days before took the matter up with enthusiasm, and although the town is comparatively small, with not over two hundred business houses all told, we succeeded in organizing an association of twenty members at the start, he being elected president and myself secretary. The membership fee was made one dollar per month, which I collected from the members as payment for my services. Whenever one of the members was approached by a stranger seeking credit, he immediately advised me by telephone, giving the references furnished him. I at once consulted these references, as well as all the other members of the association, and secured all the information possible as to the person's credit-standing in the community. This information could often be obtained with little effort and in a very short time by the use of the telephone, and the customer's order filled within the usual time, without his knowledge of the investigation. The association now numbers fifty members, which makes the income well worth my attention. —*E. E.*

Making Money at College

I WANTED a college education, but found it necessary to earn my expenses as I went along. I selected a New York City institution, as that place promised good business opportunities. I had enough funds to start me off, but soon discovered unexpected difficulties. There were no college dormitories for one thing, all living expenses were quite high, and, what was worst of all, I soon learned that New York City demanded special ability, and for the life of me I couldn't scare up any special personal accomplishment that would command a living wage. Tutoring seemed to pay best, but my preparatory fitting was too meagre for that.

One day, by chance, I discovered an opening and grabbed it. A gentleman wrote to the employment secretary of the college for a companion after school-hours for his two young sons. The place was offered several students, but they declined to act as day-nurse for young lads. I eagerly accepted the opening, however, and, as my employer and his wife—who lived on Riverside Drive—were kindly and encouraging, I made good, and soon added several other young boys to my club. The boys were ten or twelve years old and my fee was two dollars a week for each member. Presently I made the pleasant discovery that I had a special ability—the faculty of getting along with young boys and directing their play.

The first playground of our club was an old stone-paved wharf down by the river. We varied this with trips to Central Park, and, making friends with Park policemen, enjoyed many of the special play-privileges. The following year we secured a good playground on a vacant lot, and, as I had grown in confidence, I invited other boys to join the club, so that we soon had a roll of fifteen or twenty boys from well-to-do New York families. A healthy, democratic, frolicsome crowd they were. We formally organized, selected a fitting name, ordered club-pins and branched out into baseball, football and hockey, and when we challenged school-teams were usually victorious in the resulting contests. Saturdays were devoted to trips to special points of interest, and once we paid an extended visit to Washington. Several of us also visited the St. Louis Fair. I think we were very fortunate in those four years, as we suffered only two small broken bones and a few sprains, and we played constantly the hardest kind of games.

—*The Tutor.*

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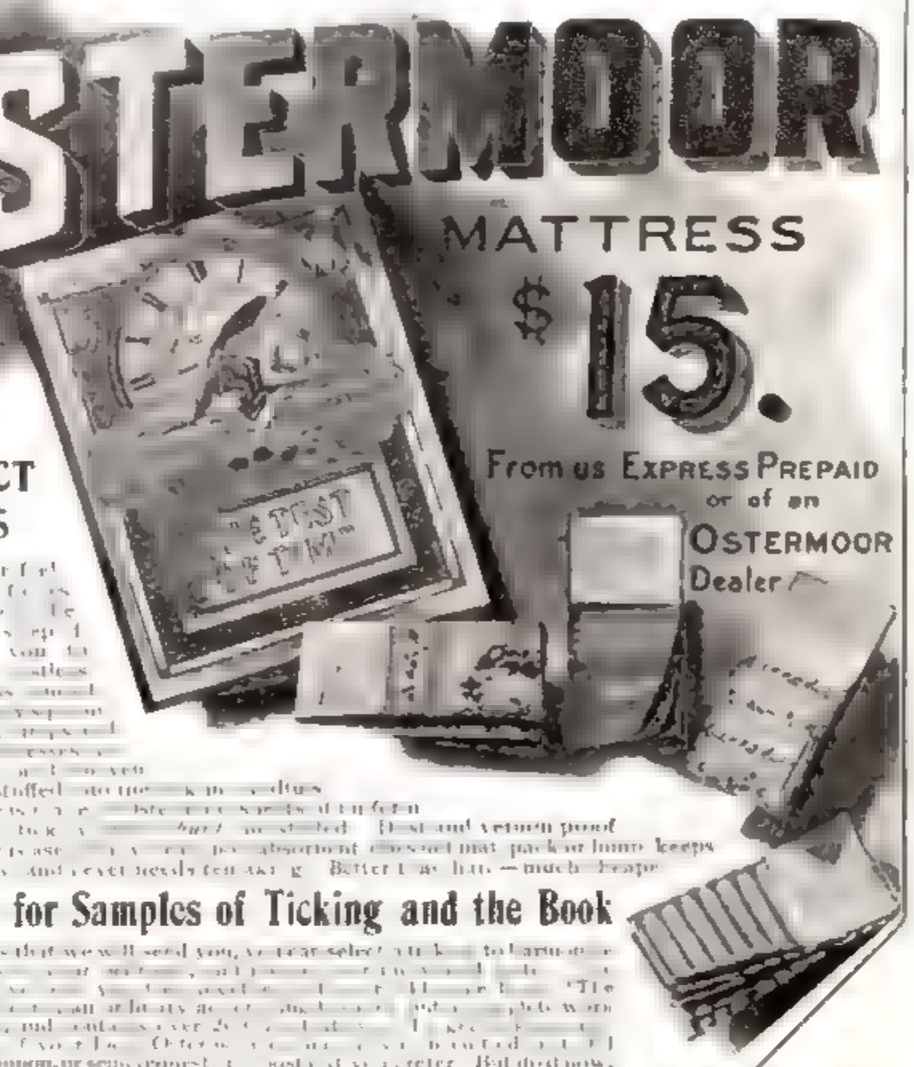

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Kenyon

OVERCOATS

Did You Ever

wear out a garment? Do you give away good cloth because the shape is lost? Kenreign Raincoats and Kenyon Overcoats keep their style-shape till worn out. Proof is in the wearing, security in the guarantee.

The factory system that makes these coats [illegible]

G. Kenyon Co. 703 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"STORK" PANTS

For Baby

WATERPROOF

Keep Baby's Dresses Dry and Sweet

Sateen, $1.00 and $1.50 a yard.

50c. Sheeting $1.00 and $1.50 a yard.

Free [illegible]

THE STORK CO., Dept. 12-O, Boston, Mass.

Study Law at Home

[illegible] special offer [illegible]

The Sprague correspondence School of Law

804 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

BLUE BOOK ON PATENTS

[illegible] "WHAT TO INVENT," free to any address. Patents secured or fee returned.

Geo. B. Vashon & Co., 902 F St., Washington, D. C.

The Coat that was Dislocated

By A. Taylor-Cutler

"NOW Sweat Me!" said the Coat, "but *this* is Cruelty to Cloth."

"What the deuce are you doing with me, Old Dr. Goose?"

"You've got me all *shrunk* up and *stretched* out in spots till I feel like a distortion!"

"Oh, that'll be All Right, Mr. Coat," said the Doctor.

"I'm merely putting a little *Style* into you by my Chain lightning process!"

"Just grin and bear it for a few minutes *longer*, Mr. Coat, and the Operation will soon be over."

* * *

So the Coat took Old Dr. Goose's Medicine without wincing, and came out of the Ordeal looking Slick as a "Poole of London" Production.

It laid around your Neck as Smooth as Varnish and it Curved round your Chest in a way that was Shell-shaped and Killing.

When you were Slid into it carefully, by the Abet Salesman, and were then introduced to yourself in the tall mirror you couldn't help thinking—

—"My, what a Handsome Devil that Person in the Glass is!"

So you Bought the Slick Coat, and *you* know what happened to it a week later.

It was the Same Old Story of the tight Collar, the bulging Lapel, the sagging Shoulders, and the humble hunch backed expression

All the "*Style*" had vanished out of that Garment after the first few days' wear in Damp Weather.

The Flat-iron faking had *wilted* out, and your Coat needed another dose of Old Dr. Goose's Tonic, viz., pressing, to brace it up again.

* * *

But, if that Coat had been made by "Sincerity Tailoring,"—by thorough *hand-needle-work* Shaping—instead of by the faky Flat-iron, things would have been everlastingly different.

Because the strong threads in the close Stitching would have *held* the Garment in shape as long as the threads of the Cloth held together.

And the Sincere hand-sewing which holds the Curves and Concavities of Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Garments in *Shape* till worn out, also adds *strength* to the *cloth* at the Strainy Places where Strength is most needed.

Of course, *you* couldn't *know* the difference between our hand-stitched "Sincerity Clothes" and the usual Flat-iron-faked kind until we *told you* about it.

* * *

But, it's up to you now.

If your *next* Suit or Overcoat bears the label of the "Sincerity Tailors," there will be more satisfaction—more *permanent* Style, and Shape-retention, in it than you're likely to get from a fairly high-priced Tailor.

It wouldn't pay *us* to advertise that fact if we couldn't "Make Good" on it

Would it?

So just make a note of our label (below), for it means *Style-Insurance* to you, and Shape-retention, at no extra cost.

That label reads—

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO

MORAN OF MASSACHUSETTS

(Concluded from Page 5)

what may be, the personality of Moran should not fail of an interest. In build light, of a slight, bony figure, no sculptor would ask him to pose for a statue of Apollo. In dress he is careless; D'Orsay would not have countenanced him, Brummel would have refused his bow in St. James. His brow is high, his hair a failure, his nose heavy, his eye daring, his mouth firm, his jaw a good foundation for a face wherein enterprise, originality, force, honesty, purpose and a practical wit, which deals with the world on all fours, are strongly declared.

When I was with this lion of the laboring masses, in his den in Pemberton Square, I began to stir him up with questioning pole. He roared responsively as follows:

"In my faith of politics I am a Democrat. None the less, I consider a public rather than a party advantage, and have ever preferred an honest man to an honest platitude. Thus I have not hesitated to leave my party to vote for an individual. Also I have my own opinion as to what are the demands of the times. The honesty and morality of our Republic rest with the hard-working, law-abiding masses of the people. To restore our government to the control of such people should be the present function of the Democratic party. Recent revelations of the methods of high finance have uncovered the pretenses of the powerful hypocrites who have been posing as custodians of national honor. It is our duty to wrest government from the grasp of those juggling with industry and money, who have, out of the toil of labor, drained mighty fortunes through the channels of their monopoly, privilege, discrimination, frauds, thefts, poisonings and violence.

"Party must everywhere cut loose from alliance with the plunderers of the people, and bring them to account for wrongs already done. Our legal machinery works mercilessly upon the poor and weak, but fails to operate upon open and defiant violations of law by the rich and powerful. To bring back government to equal justice for all men, we must teach wealth to obey the laws, or suffer drastic penalties for crime. Our candidates, our organization, our platforms, must bend to these purposes without compromise, evasion or pretense.

"As a State we require—and on this I base my candidacy—direct popular control of the law-making power through the right to veto and create legislation at the polls, and to recall faithless legislators. Also the public ownership and operation of public utilities in nation, state and city; eight hours for labor; protection of women and children against overtime work; the absolute indefeasible right to trial by a jury in equity cases involving labor injunctions; taxation which shall obtain full contributions from wealth and success, and bear lightly upon labor and the poor; drastic law against private monopoly, with imprisonment penalties only; reciprocity and tariff revision; free hides, free coal, free lumber, free iron and free wood pulp, legislation to save manufacturers from their present handicap by unjust tariff on the raw material of their product.

"We need to foster international commerce by generous and friendly concessions in the adjustment of our tariff to all nations opening to us their markets for our products; to tear down the tariff walls which entrench monopoly and sustain enormous fortunes exacted from honest labor and flaunted in the face of the toilers by their gross and vicious possessors. We need stringent laws as to raising the price of necessities, with imprisonment penalties only; laws more just and liberal to the people, providing for the taking of public utility plants; the prevention of child-murder; laws providing imprisonment penalties only for willful negligence by public officials in the performance of their duties; repeal of the legislative agent act and enactment of laws making lobbying a crime, with imprisonment penalties only, laws providing for liberation of persons awaiting trial charged with misdemeanors, and of all minors under seventeen years awaiting trial for any crime, in the discretion of the District Attorney, without bail, that the poor and friendless may not suffer unjust and oppressive imprisonment, laws providing that all offenders on whom fines are imposed may in all courts have liberty without bail for a reasonable time in which to earn the fines.

"We must have no corporation or trust tools for the judiciary; that must be free from the suspicion of being a place of reward for faithlessness to the people. We need abolishment of capital punishment, that we may no longer be barbarians, defense of all divorce cases conducted by district attorneys, that collusion, extensively practiced now, may cease; repeal of legislative immunity act, that criminals may no longer bribe and be bribed with legal impunity; the nomination of all candidates for elective office by direct vote, that the will of the voter may not be thwarted by the purchase and sale of delegates.

"More than this, we should have laws providing that the District Attorney shall appear for all persons whose liberty is endangered by insanity proceedings, that no person may be confined unjustly; liberal treatment of veterans of the Civil War within the limits of judicially declared law; single-headed commissions, the appointee to be removable at the will of the Governor, that corporate subserviency by officials may cease; shorter term of service for grand jurors, that criminals may not control their action; laws defining what conduct of grand jurors shall be criminal, and providing penalties therefor; stringent laws against bucket-shops; laws as to employers' liability for accidents more protective of employees; laws providing that judges, in setting aside verdicts, shall in writing assign the reasons therefor, reviewable by the Supreme Court; no interference with legislators except by written message; more stringent laws as to receipt, expenditure and accounting of money by campaign committees.

"There," observed Moran in conclusion, as he lighted a fresh and very black cigar—"There you have in substance my platform of principles, as already declared to the people. On it I shall run for the post of Governor; on it I shall win."

A Little Too Clever

"SKINNING PEARLS" is a rare and almost unheard-of art. There are probably not a dozen men in the United States who can skin a pearl successfully. There was one New York jewel merchant, however, who had the trick down to a fine point. He could take a pearl with a flaw in it and, by dexterously removing the outer skin, sometimes produce a gem of ten times its former value.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that this merchant did an immense business in precious stones and enjoyed considerable credit. Few persons knew of his ability as a pearl-skinner, but a certain business man with whom he dealt—and who may be called Smith for convenience—happened to hear of it.

One day, twelve years ago, the New York merchant disappeared leaving debts to all the firms with which he dealt. Smith was out $5000. When the creditors opened the missing merchant's safe they found only green tissue-paper. Detectives were employed, but they never found a trace of him.

Many years elapsed. Smith, the creditor who lost $5000, was conversing a short time ago with a Western jewelry salesman in a New York hotel. They were discussing the tricks of the trade.

"There is a man out West—I think he's in Dakota somewhere—who can take a pearl, remove its outer skin and multiply its value," remarked the salesman.

Instantly the thought of the man who had swindled him flashed across Smith's mind.

"What's his name? Where does he live?" asked the eager Smith.

The salesman could not tell, but Smith, nothing daunted, packed up his suit-case and started for the West. For three months he traveled. Finally he located his man living under an assumed name in North Dakota. The pearl-skinner had accumulated a fortune and was only too willing to pay Smith his $5000 with interest, if he would "keep his mouth shut." Smith knew he might never get his money if he notified the other creditors.

It was not the most ethical thing to do, but Smith decided to pocket his money and say nothing. The other creditors have never heard of the missing merchant.

The first Derby made in America was a

C & K

Hats for Men

The trade-mark of a responsible hatter is evidence of good faith but it is an additional guarantee of worth to know who *made* the hat. Knapp-Felt hats have in them fifty years' experience in making fine hats in the C & K shop together with superb quality and noticeable elegance of style.

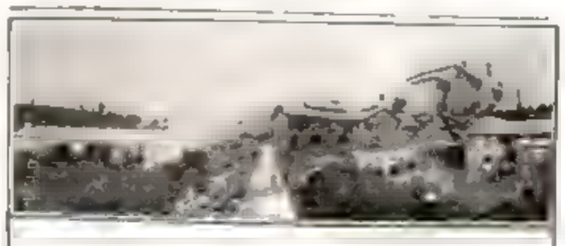
Knapp-Felt

is a wear-resisting fabric of unusual beauty and durability. The rich Cronap black does not fade nor change color with the hardest usage. The shapes are of sufficient variety to afford a wide range of choice. Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are $6. Knapp-Felt hats are $4. The best hatters sell them.

WRITE FOR THE HATMAN.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.

840 Broadway, New York



UNLIMITED POWER

means infinite industrial possibilities.

Columbus, Georgia

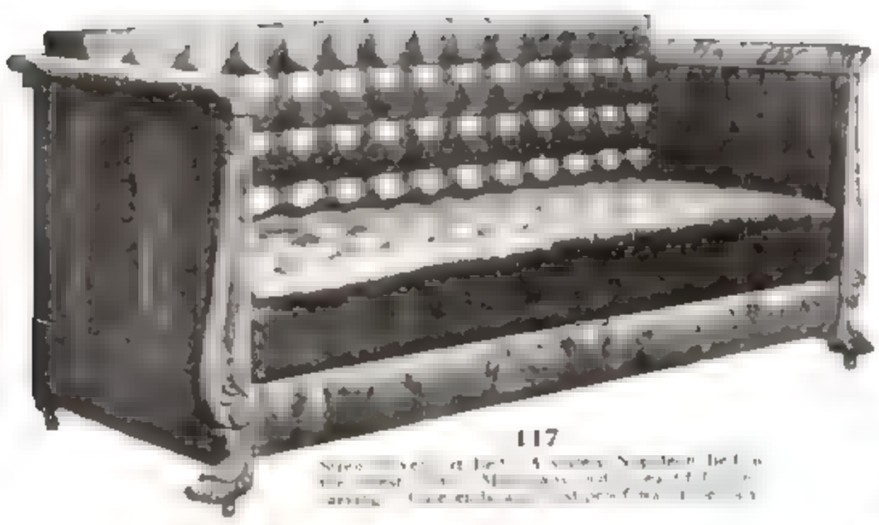
with access to this power, with rail transportation, and with water navigation to the Gulf of Mexico, offers inducements for location of Factories, large and small

Opportunity here for Car Works, Steel Plant, Electro-Chemical and other industries.

Write for illustrated booklet.

COLUMBUS BOARD OF TRADE

Columbus, Georgia

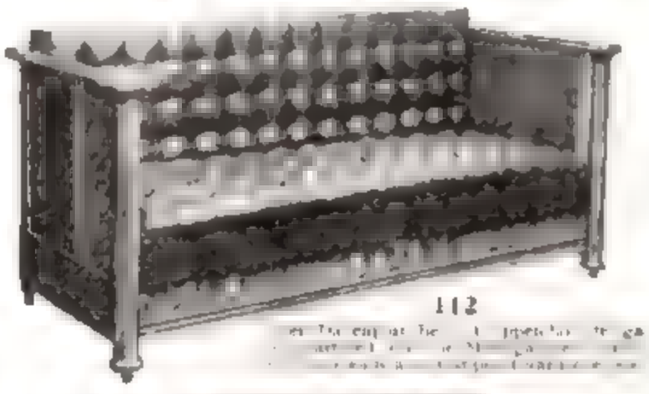


117

Unhook the gate and let down the back

108

Streit Guaranteed Furniture

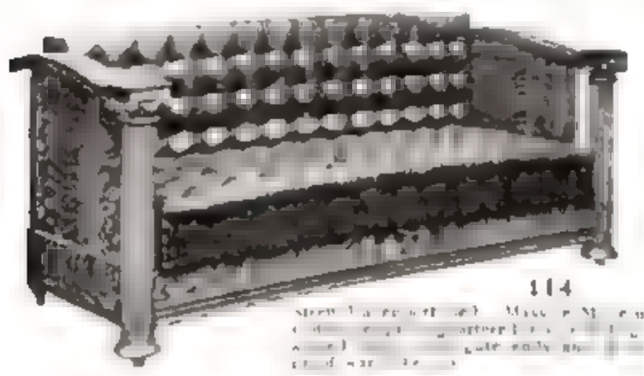


112

This is all you have to do to change the luxurious Streit Davenport into *a comfortable double bed. Full width* head and foot boards keep the pillows and bed clothes from sliding off. Protect the sleeper from drafts. The

Streit Davenport Bed

made up as a bed, *looks* like a bed, *is* a bed — the most restful one, too, on which you ever slept. Has a splendid box mattress, finest steel springs. Economizes space — serves two purposes. The high quality of upholstering makes it as a "Davenport" as luxurious and delightful a piece of furniture as you can buy.



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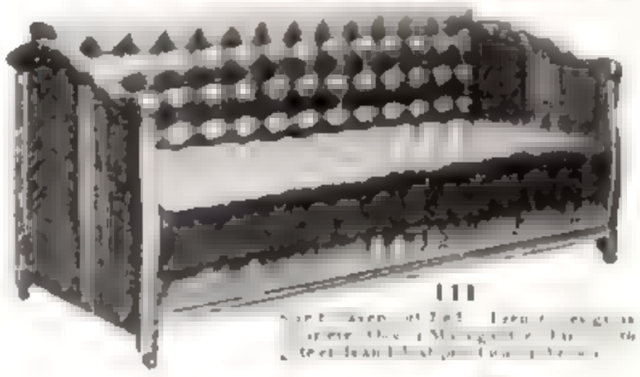


111

The best way to prepare for the unexpected guest

Don't confuse the *Streit* Davenport Bed with the automatic, rasping, machine-spring kind, that clang, catch and never work. The *Streit* is simple, strong, no mechanism — just a gate to unhook.

303 R

305

Streit Box Couch

has a deep, roomy dust-proof box beneath the fine upholstered seat. Does not have to be pulled out from the wall to open. A child can raise the seat because of the Streit improved seat-raising device.

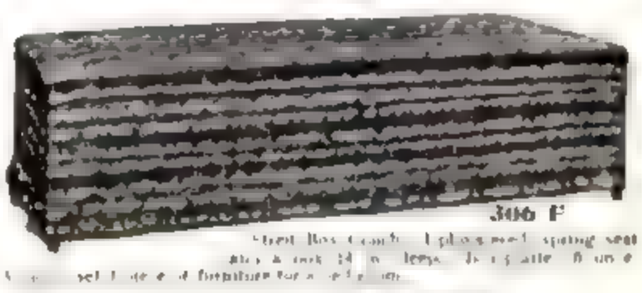
Streit Morris Chair

The *only* chair in which it is possible to relax every muscle of the body. A head-rest that really rests the head and a back and a foot-rest exactly the right height. When not in use, the foot-rest is easily slipped back — the leather cushion forming a tufted front for the body of the chair.

When you buy Streit furniture you get honest upholstery. The best workmanship and material, the finest selected grades of hard woods, the highest quality of natural grain Streit genuine leather, the richest verowas, tapestries and other soft goods of the latest weaves. Stores sell much cheap "seat" leather furniture. The simple word "Streit" is the surest guarantee of the right.

The Streit factory is the *only one in the world* devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Davenport Beds, Box Couches and Morris Chairs. Owing to this specializing and to exclusive features patented by us, Streit furniture surpasses all similar pieces of furniture on the market — not only for quality but for practicability and simplicity.

304

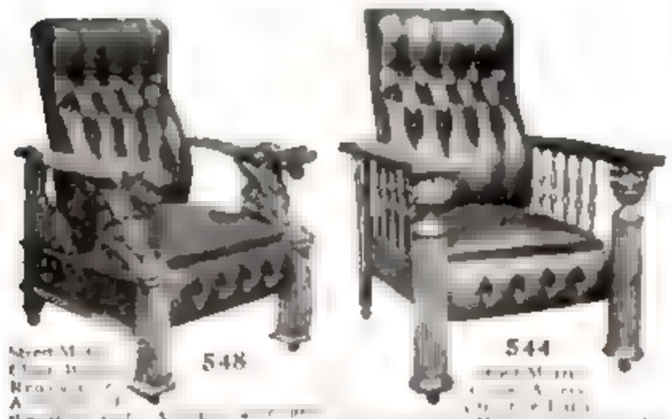


306 F

Look for this trade-mark.

It is on every piece of Streit furniture; — your only protection from cheap imitations. A full guarantee goes with it.

Your dealer will refund your money if Streit Davenport Beds, Box Couches or Morris Chairs prove unsatisfactory. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from us. We ship on approval. If you are not satisfied, we will take back the piece, pay all delivery charges and refund your money.



548

544

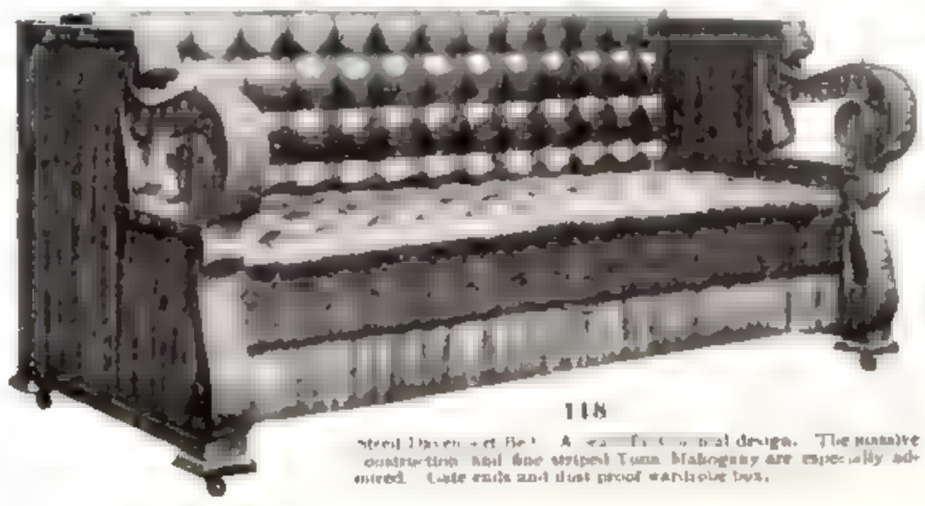
533

534

Write for catalogue

of Streit Davenport Beds "B 6"
" Morris Chairs "C 11"
" Box Couches "B 6"

THE C. F. STREIT MFG. CO., 1050 Kenner St., Cincinnati.



118

All Streit Morris Chairs have this foot-rest

Couldn't Dodge Prosperity

This is the story of a man who bought an Ideal Concrete Machine to make Concrete Building Blocks *for his own use.* Before he realized it, a profitable business had been forced upon him. Read what he says:—

CENTREVILLE, MICH., June 11, 1906
IDEAL CONCRETE MACHINE CO.,
South Bend, Indiana

GENTLEMEN:—Received Ideal Concrete Machine all right. I did not intend to do any work except my own but as soon as people saw the blocks, they wanted them, so I was compelled to go into the business of making them.

Yours truly,
A. H. KERNEY,
Mfr. Ideal Hollow Cement Blocks

IDEAL
Concrete Machines

will bring prosperity to any man in any locality. "*The people want them*" tells the whole story. Any man, without previous experience can make concrete blocks from sand, gravel and cement, that look better, wear better, and are everywhere taking the place of all other building materials. Can be sold to builders far cheaper than brick yet pay a splendid profit to the maker.

The Ideal Concrete Machine is simple, rapid and adaptable, and will never wear out. Low in cost, easily operated by one man, it is the easiest way to prosperity. Write for free catalogue, and the stories of other men who have earned how to turn sand and gravel into good American Dollars.

Ideal Concrete Machinery Co.
Dept. B, South Bend, Ind.

THE HOME OF

BANKING BY MAIL

This bank does not take the risks which are so inseparable from ordinary commercial banking. No endorsed notes are taken by the bank, its loans being made only on collateral or real estate securities having a market value largely in excess of the loan.

It has an auditing department consisting of an Auditor and several assistants who examine all loans made and systematically check up their collateral [illegible]

SEND FOR BOOKLET M

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

HIGH SPEED

(Continued from Page 4)

make matters interesting. The truth would seem that, in matters human and corporational, as in matters horticultural, to get juice from the lemon we must squeeze it. There is no reason that the New York Central should not run all its better express trains over that extremely level course between New York, Albany and Troy at least at fifty miles an hour, except the reason that it has no rival running on the other side of the Hudson River.

We now reach the final table (compiled, be it remembered, from the *May* Bradshaw and the *August* Official Guide, which makes it slightly unfair to England) in which all the trains in both countries that show a speed of fifty miles an hour, or more, between any two scheduled points, are catalogued according to the railroads to which they belong. It is believed that no such list has ever before been published. And, as has been said already, that it should contain no omissions is almost too much to hope, in spite of the care and time which have been given to it.

AMERICAN TRAINS

	Totals
Pennsylvania	
New York Division	
New York Division and Main Line	3
West [illegible]	17
Maryland Division	1
	21
Reading	
New York Division	3
Atlantic City and Cape May	3
Baltimore and Ohio	
Philadelphia Division	1
Washington Division	3
	4
New York, New Haven and Hartford	
Shore Line Division	8
	8
New York Central and Hudson River	
Hudson Division	1
Hudson Division and Main Line	3
	4
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul	
Milwaukee Division	4
	4
Chicago and North-Western	
Milwaukee Division	2
	2
Chesapeake and Ohio	
Fast mail to Washington	2
	2
Lehigh Valley	
Main Line	1
	1
Grand Total	174

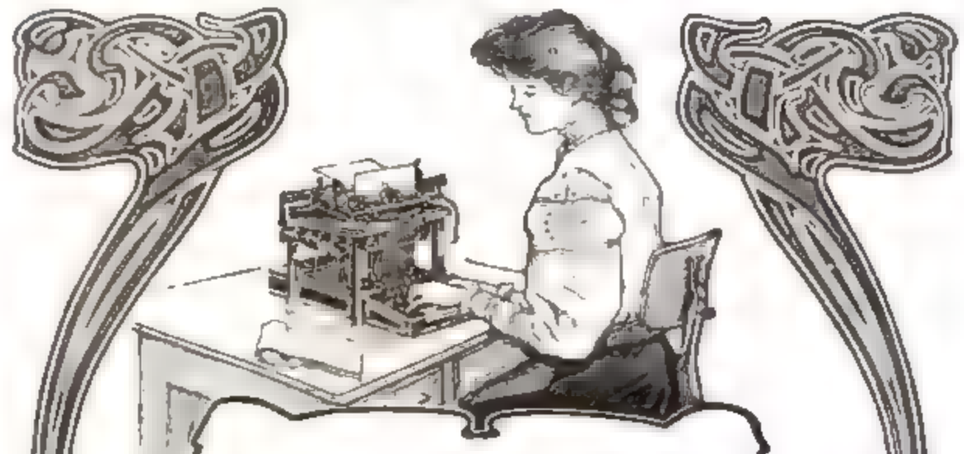
ENGLISH TRAINS

London and North-Western	64
Great Northern	34
Great Western	90
Lancashire and Yorkshire	30
Midland	27
Great Central	14
North-Eastern and North British	8
North-Eastern—Darlington-York	5
Caledonian	7
Chesapeake Lines	6
London and South-Western	6
Great Eastern	4
Grand Total	206

Very interesting facts do these last tables reveal, and they lead to some interesting conclusions as well. To an American looking at the English table, one thing is plain immediately—that none of the fast trains in England, except six on the South-Western, run south of London: a small fraction of 206! The South-Eastern and Chatham cannot muster up quite forty-seven miles an hour, even for its fast boat express to Paris *via* Dover. The trains which it calls "Thanet Fast Train" and "Special Fast Train to Dover" make respectively a little over 42 and a little over 39 miles an hour to Faversham and Dover, each with a single stop; they seem almost as inappropriately named as our Chesapeake and Ohio's "Fast Flying Virginian," which trundles from Washington to Cincinnati at not quite thirty-four miles an hour. Possibly the difficulty of their course forbids them, as it forbids the Cincinnati train, any real speed; but in that case, why misname them? The American reader of Bradshaw notices with some diversion that these companies south of London pile the word "fast" liberally upon trains which do not really go fast at all, while the companies north of London say nothing whatever about trains which go very fast indeed.

But more diverting to the American reader than anything that he can find in Bradshaw is what he finds upon examining critically the time-tables of his native land. Here he discovers that the New York Central, which so constantly and so flamboyantly tells us that it is "America's Greatest Railroad," contributes just four of the fifty-mile-an-hour trains on our list, while the Reading gives sixty-three and the Pennsylvania eighty-one. One would also suppose that "America's Greatest Railroad" would show for its level course out

REMINGTON



New Remington Models are now on the market—that's all that most typewriter users ask to know.

They know that a new Remington model means and always has meant a new standard of typewriter efficiency.

New escapement, new variable line spacer and other vital improvements insure better work and more of it on these new Remingtons than any typewriter has ever done before.

Remington Typewriter Company
New York and Everywhere

TYPEWRITER

The Roofing Tin Experience of a Firm of Kansas Merchants

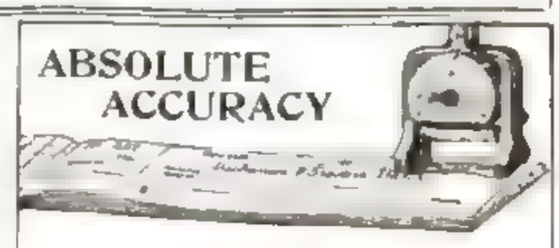
The building of M. E. Yost & Sons, of Hiawatha, Kansas, was built in two parts. One part was roofed with genuine "Target and Arrow Old Style" tin and the other with an imitation "old style." The "Target and Arrow Old Style" tin has given splendid service for many years without costing a dollar for repairs, while the so-called "old style" has been a constant trouble and expense.

Messrs. Yost & Sons are now building a cement block building of three stories and basement and the builder has bought "Target and Arrow Old Style" tin for the roof.

The experience of Messrs. Yost & Sons with tins which are called "old style" for the purpose of trading on the reputation of the genuine "Target and Arrow Old Style" tin is being duplicated all over the country. Our booklet, "A Guide to Good Roofs," has kept many out of expensive mistakes of this kind. Would you like to read it?

N. & G. TAYLOR CO.
Established 1810
Philadelphia

ABSOLUTE ACCURACY



What good is a numbering machine that shirks its work? That jumps a number when you wish consecutive figures? That numbers consecutively when you wish to duplicate?

Numbers are guides. They facilitate office work and everything depends upon their accuracy.

The Bates Hand Numbering Machine

prints the desired number every time—prints it legibly and right on the spot. It numbers consecutively, duplicates or repeats as it is set. The figures change automatically—there is nothing to do but press down the knob. For perfect, legible, accurate and rapid work it has no equal.

No matter what business you are engaged in the chances are you are doing work which the Bates Numbering Machine can do better, quicker and more accurately. Tell us your business and we will tell you just why and how the Bates machine will save you time and annoyance.

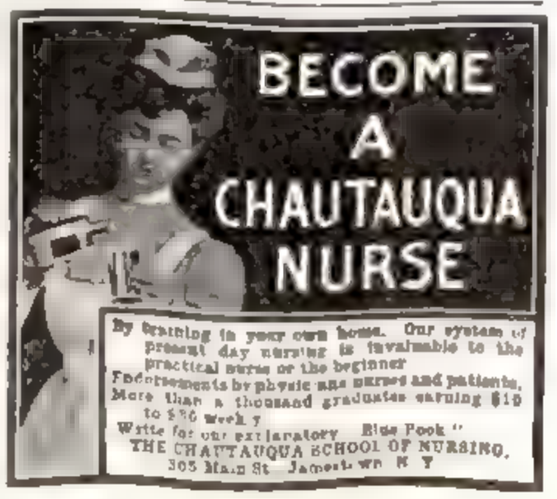
BATES MANUFACTURING COMPANY
33 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.
For sale by all leading stationers

EVER-READY Razor AND 12 SAFETY Blades $1

"Ever Ready" Safety Razor Sets at $1.00

[illegible] Seven new blades for 7 dull ones and 1¢ cents [illegible] 12 Specials. [illegible] 75c [illegible] Ever Ready [illegible] dealers everywhere [illegible] Canadian price $1.25

American Safety Razor Co. 301 Broadway New York



By training in your own home. Our system of present day nursing is invaluable to the practical nurse or the beginner. Endorsements by physicians nurses and patients. More than a thousand graduates earning $10 to $50 week ly. Write for our explanatory Blue Book "

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING,
305 Main St. Jamestown N. Y.

of New York to Albany and Troy a schedule that would be without a rival. An examination of the time-tables discloses thirteen trains going north at forty miles an hour, or over, for the 143 and 150 miles; the Pennsylvania from Jersey City west to Harrisburg and to Washington (194 and 226 miles) runs twenty-three trains going forty miles an hour, or over—nearly twice as many. We must conclude that "America's Greatest Railroad" rests its imposing title upon some other preëminence than speed. Its Twentieth Century Limited stands undoubtedly above every train existing; but one peerless train is scarcely enough. A few of its "Big Four" trains are just under the fifty-mile-an-hour class.

We notice from the tables that, although all but two of England's great companies contribute trains to the fifty-mile-an-hour class, only nine of our own railroads furnish them, and that seven of these are in the Eastern States, while none of them are north of Boston, or south of Washington (except two trains out of Richmond), or west of Chicago; furthermore, that out of the total 174, two roads, the Pennsylvania and Reading, supply 144, or six-sevenths of the whole. That is a very large proportion, and one likely to be made larger by the acceleration of New York and Washington trains, which ought to happen very soon. If, with its new Susquehanna bridge completed, and its heavy locomotives thus enabled to go from New York through to Washington, the Pennsylvania does not accelerate this schedule, especially between Baltimore and Washington, unfavorable criticism will be in order. But the concentration of fast trains in one comparatively small part of our country is natural, and implies very little criticism upon most of our railroads. The Atlantic City summer travel is the largest factor in explaining the preponderance; after this comes the fact that fast trains are likely to appear first in the earliest settled and most thickly populated districts, especially where level courses make the running easy. It is to be noted, also, that the area now covered by our fast trains is already as large, if not larger, than England—not including the Chicago runs.

After the Washington schedule of the Pennsylvania, accelerations should be soon due between New York and Boston. The New Haven road is spending heavy sums to redeem its roadway and rolling-stock from the worse than mediocre condition in which the provincial traditions of its management have hitherto kept it. Signs of progress abound, and it is to be hoped that attention will presently be turned to removing such an eyesore and obstruction to traffic as the Pawtucket Station. To any trained observer, such a spot as that is a disgrace; a fence should separate the tracks, and an overhead bridge for passengers crossing the line should be built as soon as possible; and these should be followed by an abolishing of the grade-crossing. There need be no surprise that the Boston and Maine, with all its immense summer travel to the White Mountains and the Maine coast, should not yet have a double track to Portland (115 miles), or a train exceeding forty-five miles an hour over its sea-level course. This company still perpetuates the tin-kettle of water carried through the cars to its passengers a custom which the New Haven has abandoned for the usual filter placed at the end of every car on every other American road. The Boston and Maine is an old railroad, through an early settled region, connecting many large, busy and populous manufacturing towns. Its trains are jammed with both through and local travel, and in summer it has the monopoly of carrying an immense legion from the hot places all over our country to the mountains and the sea, but not the remotest trunk-line in the most desolate region of the West can surpass the Boston and Maine for dirt, discomfort and incompetence.

Accelerations are steadily taking place in the West, but as the table shows, only six trains out of Chicago (save eastward on the Lake Shore and the Fort Wayne) enter the fifty-mile-an-hour class, and these for only a short distance. It should be mentioned, however, that the St. Paul's course between Western Avenue and Corliss is a really fast one, one train doing the fifty-nine miles in sixty-one minutes. Is it not almost time that the North-Western accelerated its service between Chicago and Milwaukee?

In concluding this branch of discussion of express trains, it may be said that indications point to a constantly higher average of speed in America, where there is much margin left for higher speed, while England has probably well-nigh reached the limits of reason and safety.

It had been the intention of this article, after dealing with speed, to take up the questions of equipment, safety, and price of tickets, and certain further general points of comparison between England's trains and our own; but the limits of length preclude these further subjects, which will be taken up later should there be any sufficient indication on the part of readers that they are interested in the matter.

LETTERS TO WOMEN IN LOVE

(Continued from Page 12)

present attachment as long and after whatever manner you pleased.

Between you and the man you love there has been the voluntary give-and-take, whose very motives may be polluted by the suspicion of an obligation or the certainty of dependence.

Thus, from the point of view of mere love, your freedom should have appeared to you in not too unfavorable colors.

Doctor Wainright, on the contrary, had much to suffer from it. If it was sweet for him to feel that your loyalty bound you to him without the formality of a law, it was bitter to be thus indebted to you, and to be deprived at the same time of offering you that protection which any man longs to give to the woman he loves.

As the years go on there is something infinitely dear in the habit any attachment implies. The man, counting no longer upon his youth alone to please, turns with loving gratitude to the woman who, to the end, shows him all the indulgence which make past attainments seem a present recollection.

Yet, as a matter of fact, whither did this separation, caused by Mrs. Winthrope, which should have been an additional bond between you, lead? It made you terribly exacting, and who is exacting is often unjust. It made you restless, dissatisfied, frequently capricious.

The truth is we spend our life choosing day by day between the lesser of two evils.

Who knows how miserable you might have been, married to Nicolas? Who knows how blissful you might have been just as you were? What advantage did you take of your opportunities for being happy? How many were the times when your greeting was cold, distrait, because of a suspicion lurking in your mind?

Perhaps you failed him on the very days he most needed a welcome that would give him courage, gladden him. You spent sometimes the first half of your hour together in suspicious mistrust because he was perhaps a trifle late; and the last half hour you passed in reproachfulness because he had to leave you early. It was only when you got to the door with him and felt he was going, and that you had been given your chance and missed it, that, with a pang of regret, you tried in an instant to show him all the tenderness that was really in your heart! Too late, perhaps? Men are such a mixture of weakness and strength! Perhaps it was at such a time that he turned, weary and disheartened, toward some one who made a habit of being always as amiable as she showed herself in the unfortunate letter you came across? Who knows? Perhaps this person whom you look upon as "inferior" was the rival, not of you, not of your own true, best and loving self, but the rival of your caprices, the rival of your mistrustful humors, the rival of your failure to make, to *want* to make, Nicolas Wainright happy.

Don't you still care to do this?

Are you softening ever so little?

Goethe has said of this constant selection which presents itself at every turning by the way in life:

"Choose well; your choice is brief and yet endless."

It is undoubtedly better to leave Nicolas and make yourself miserable than to stay and make him miserable; but, to tell the truth, you are both miserable. With a

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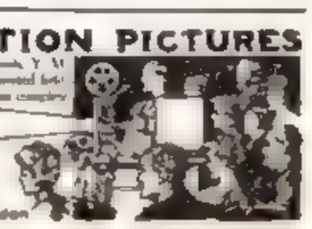

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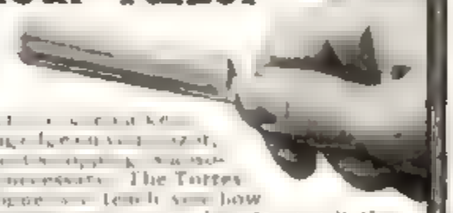

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single gesture of forgiveness you can wipe out this memory that is causing you both to suffer.

Wainright would not respect you, you argue, if you were so lenient with him. Try it and see. Go to him as soon as you can.

Say to him this:

"I love you, and that love is the only thing that should count between us. I am horribly hurt. I know that you couldn't have thought much of a person whose letters you could entirely forget. I am perfectly sure she never played any real part in your life, nor was in any way a rival. I can't—in spite of everything, I don't—doubt your love for me. Only . . . I am wounded to the very depths. My pride is embittered. Give me time, Nicolas. You will forget this, of course, and soon, and I am determined that I will forget it, too. You must help me. I feel it would be absolutely wrong for me to continue thinking of this thing when it has gone out of your mind. All I ask is a little time to forget everything but my love for you."

If you could say this I believe you would obtain a place in Nicolas' heart beyond the reach of any caprice, any passing infidelity of word or deed.

There is no end of harm done to our own characters by moral resistance. Paul's command to us was not to resist evil, but to overcome it by good. In like manner we should not resist jealousy, but overcome it with love.

Now I have written a letter without end. You are tired, and so should I be if all I said had not come from my heart. I should consider it a good sign if for some time I did not hear from you. Pride has a certain shame about owning that it is vanquished. . . .

XII

To the same:

I have been three months expecting an answer that did not come, but it was worth waiting for. It gives me the news I wanted. You are happy. It will "never be quite, quite the same," you say. This is only to alarm me, for you add: "But it may be better!"

You waited until Nicolas was well and could come for you. This was your right. He realized meanwhile as he never had just what you were in his life, and how terrible existence would be without you. There is much in knowing the worth of what we possess. . . . Mrs. Winthrope, not with any good grace, but as a sort of *pis aller*, is yielding in your favor, and this just as you were about reconciled to the idea of being happy even though you couldn't marry Nicolas!

I have often observed that the most rapid way for us women to get a thing is to stop wanting it. When we do want a thing there is in our desire a sort of intensity which causes us often to defeat our own ends. It is the same way in dreams; if we try too hard to see a thing the effort wakes us up! Jealousy in like manner brings to an end the dream of love. All awakenings are hard for us. Then why seek the perpetual insomnia of suspicion? Rest, on the contrary, in the happy unconsciousness of confidence and of love. Apply your indifference aptly. This choice between what is and what is not essential constitutes all the difference between nobility and meanness, in love as in life. In order not to suffer a great deal, be sometimes willing to suffer a little, and be always ready to enjoy.

XIII

To the same:

I have received the letter written by you and Doctor Wainright together. You will read over my old epistles some day, if you have kept them, and laugh. I wish indeed that I might come to the "quiet little wedding in Grace Church Chapel." You know, though I cannot be there, that my thoughts will accompany you to the altar and will follow you with interest in your married life.

THE END

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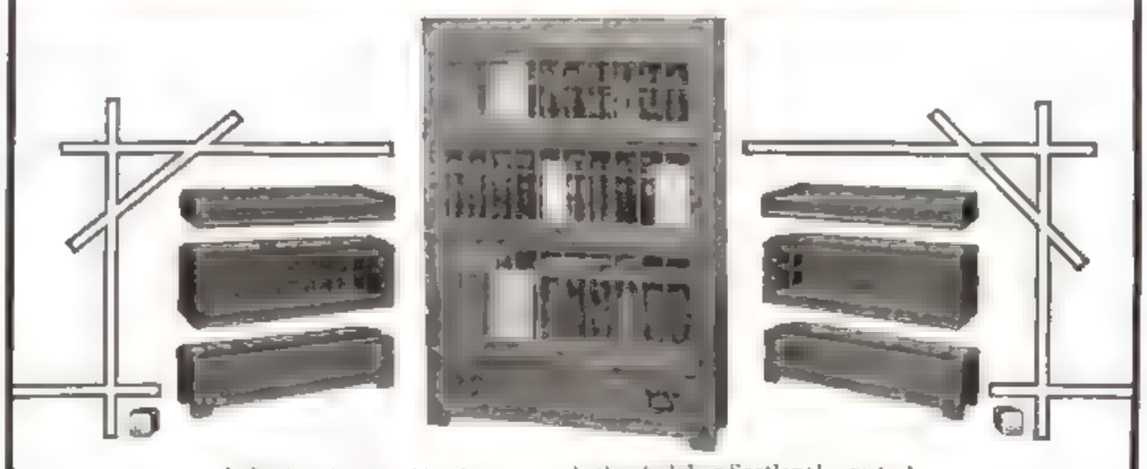

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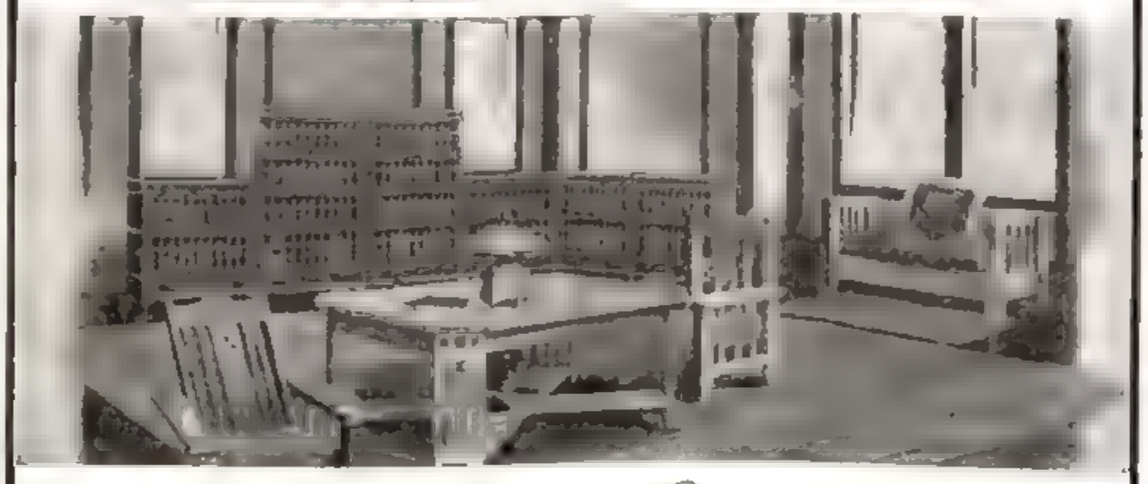

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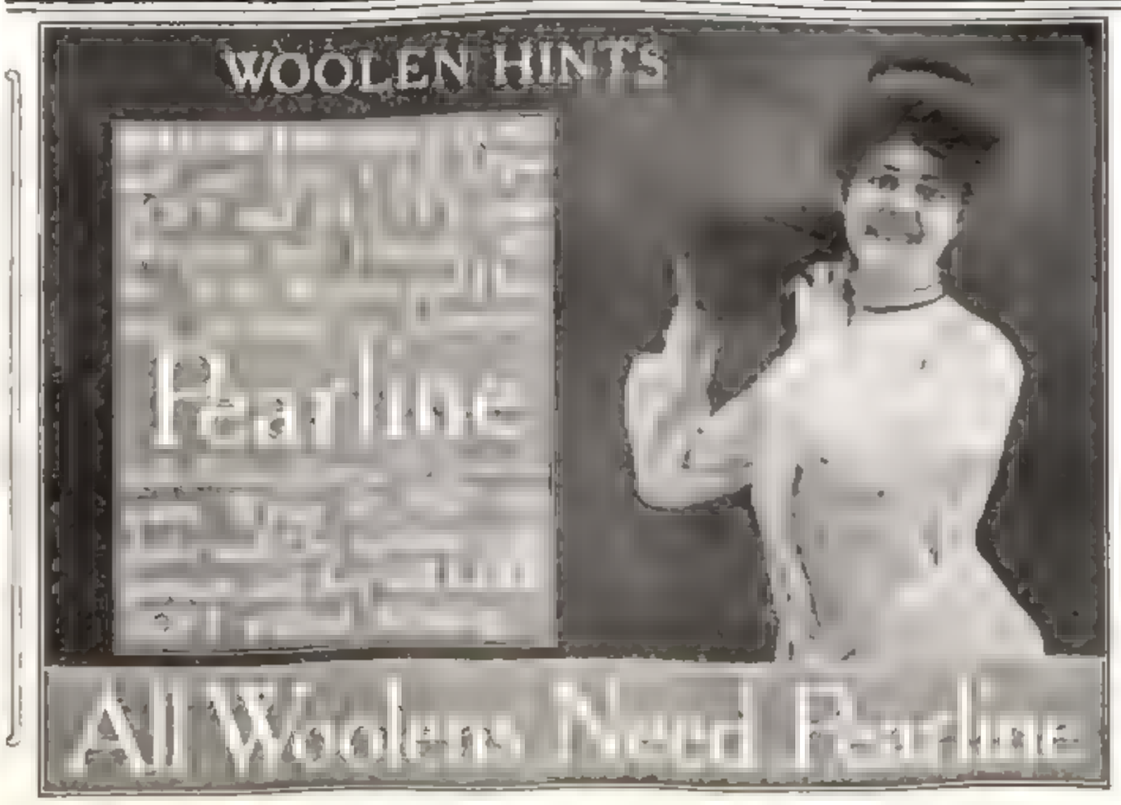

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The Queerest Thing in America

(Continued from Page 10)

had crowded together to court, and so many lawyers were talking, that our landlord's case could not come for two months. We could live here two months without paying a cent! So he gave in and allowed us to stay at the old fair rent—which at once we paid him. Our glad, laughing neighbors tried to give Karl ten dollars, but I would not let him take it.

"You are a rascal," I told him. "This house belongs to this man." But I could not help laughing.

This made me think more and more about law. At night I talked with Karl; in the day I thought it out while I worked on my shoes; and in the papers I read about cases in court. Soon I could tell the smart tricks from the stupid ones.

And so I got to know a good deal about America.

The next year I even did a trick myself. A very young woman had been many times already coming to me with shoes to be mended, her own shoes and three much littler sizes down to the baby. This woman had such a merry young smile that I liked her. But often I can tell more by shoes than by smiles. And in two years I had patched and patched these very little shoes, till now they were really all mine. But the smile kept being so brave that I kept doing my best patching—until one day even the smile got unsteady and hard to make.

"This time I can't pay you quite yet," she said. Then the smile stopped. I put my hand on her shoulder; something had made me all at once a fool.

"My girl," I said, "don't be foolish about nothing! Look here, I have a present." And I showed her a little pair of blue shoes I had made, just for fun, with white shoestrings. "That baby of yours," I said, "has such a fine little foot that I just wanted to try it."

Down went her head in her hands—all shaking. I hate this, so I took her up to my splendid old wife, and left them alone, and my wife learned the trouble.

When I heard, it made the inside of my soul like a fire. On Saturday night I went to the cigar-store that she showed me. The big, fat man there tried to stop me, but I quickly ran to the back room and saw a dozen men playing a card game, which I knew by what Karl had told me. It was faro.

Just then the big man jerked me back and was angry. But so was I.

"This young woman's husband," I said, trying to make my voice very reasonable and quiet, "has lost most of his wages here every Saturday night. You are a thief and a grafter! Now, you give her back twenty dollars of his money, or I will tell the police what you do. It is against the law!"

The man laughed.

"Go ahead," he said, with his slow, thick voice.

I went out and found Karl.

"No use, Dad," he said. "That man has paid cash for police protection."

"Police protection!" I shouted, getting red in my face. "What are policemen for? To protect women and babies—or big, strong grafters?" And then I showed him the littlest pair of those shoes, that were now only two old bunches of patches. And quickly Karl grew as angry as I. And he showed me a trick.

I went back to the cigar man, and told him that my lawyer son would at once tell this story to the biggest paper in New York and would give a picture of those little shoes.

"Now," said the big, fat grafter, "you have me. Here is the twenty dollars." He gave me the money, and also a tremendous wink. "How much," he asked, "do you peel off?"

I will not write down what I told him he was! But he only smoked his cigar.

"Well," he said, "I am always glad to help a poor woman. You may think I am bad, but I am just like our greatest Americans—the men who work on Wall Street. They gamble for millions instead of tens; they have the most expensive protection from the cops way up to the Senators; and they give money to charity—money by millions. I am the same. So here is the cash. God bless the poor woman, and if

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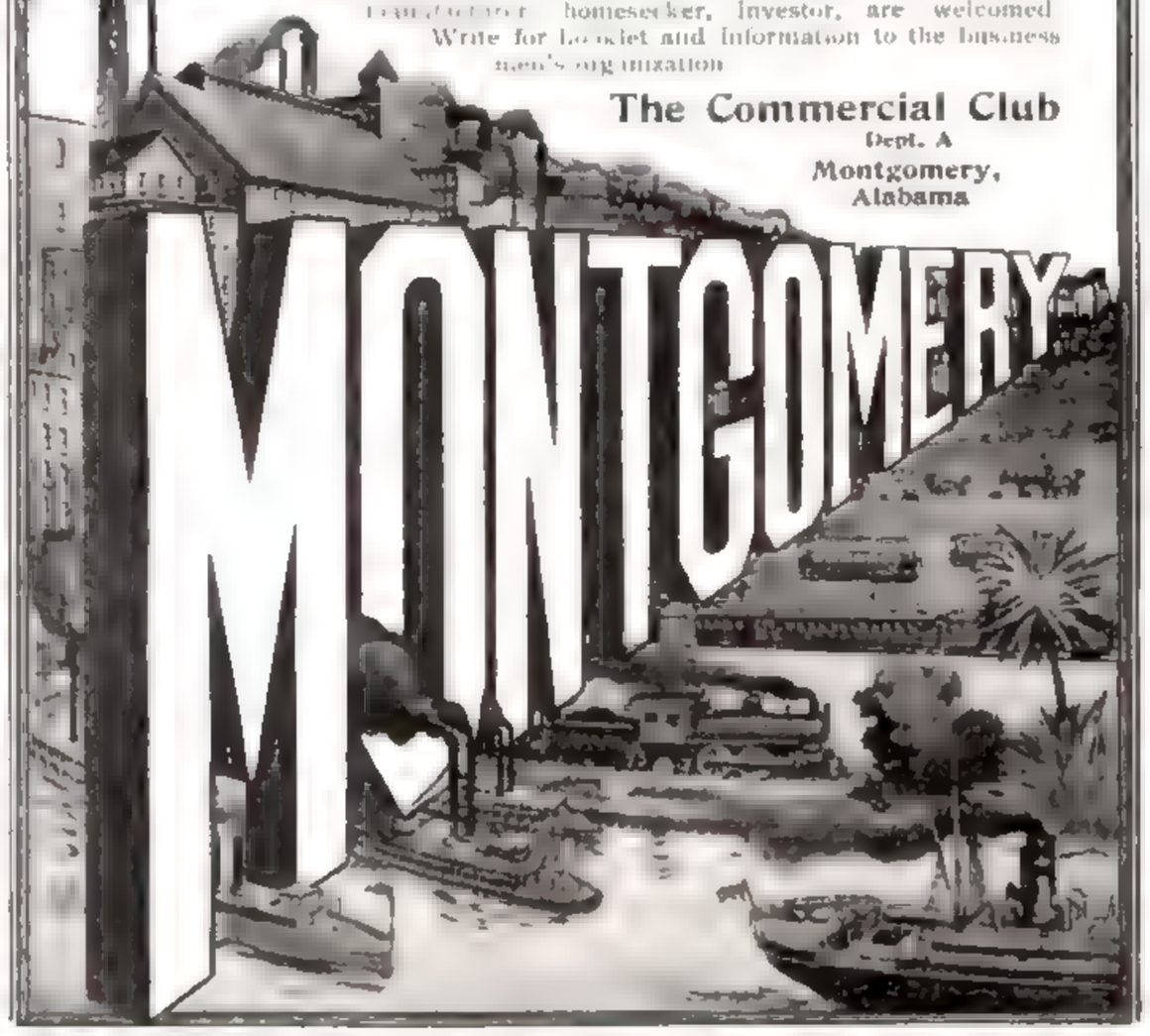

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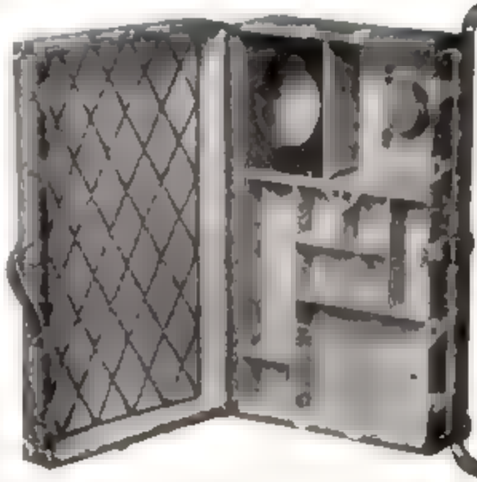

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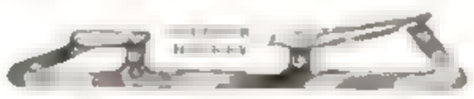

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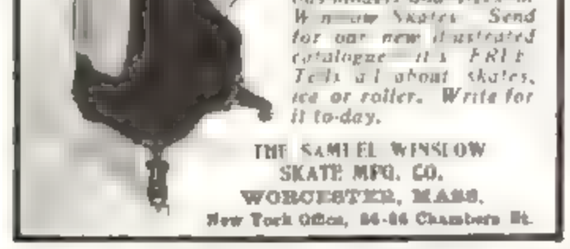

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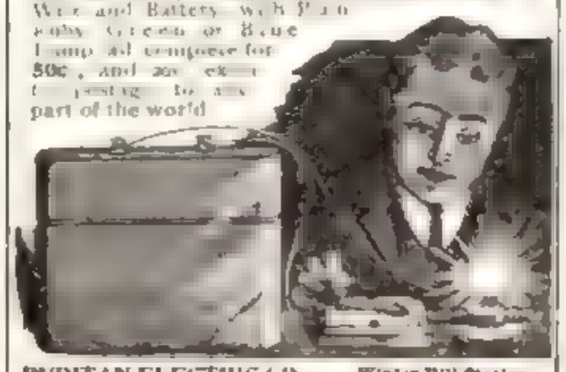

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she is ever up against it again—let me know."

I could only stare at him. Then quickly I told him what his faro had done to this woman; I took out of my pocket those littlest shoes. And you ought to have seen his big face.

"Look here," he said, and now inside his thick voice you could hear some quite real feelings; "I'll never let the man play here again! And here is another twenty! And now you make for each of those poor young kids a pair of shoes a fine pair! Go as far as you like! And send me the bill!"

"Well," I said at last, "*some* of you is not so bad as *all* of you. Anyway—you are better than this police-protected law!"

"You're a good fellow," he said. "Soon you will learn to look at these things in a practical way."

But I could not learn. I heard now about faro and pool-rooms from Karl, and I told him all these men and places ought to be *unprotected* from men like me.

"Dad," he said, "I don't see it. Why should you stop this, if you let the race-tracks run?"

And then he told me what was happening to Jim.

Jim had been working hard, making nine dollars a week and supporting his one-legged old father, because the other two children had left home and the mother was dead. Old Mike was the only man Jim never gave his queer, hard smile to. But then Jim had begun to bet in those horseback races. He got already a good deal of money; he threw away his office job; he stayed from home and just went from one track to a next one. Soon he began to lose every penny—and now he had stopped sending any to his father. So Mike had asked my Karl to get hold of his Jim.

At once I went to that old father, and I told him we would do everything we were able to get back his boy. How sad and tired and broken he looked now lonely by himself! Only his old chums gave him a little. I went back and made Karl do everything. In a week he found Jim and brought him to our rooms; and here at last Jim told me he would stop; he swore at those races and said he was all sick—and so he looked; and I never saw such shoes.

But I patched them up, and Karl loaned him decent clothes and got him a job. And he worked hard all that winter. It was in a store. Jim was twenty-two now, and was very quick at figures, and he worked so hard that in a few months the boss made him cashier.

But in the spring came again the races. Jim got that old, hot wishing, and began to figure chances on pieces of paper. He went, and had fine luck—all in a streak. His wishing got hotter. In one day he made three big bets, and won all! He made bigger bets and lost. He mixed his cashier accounts, and took out a little money. He lost more—and took more! And this he lost—and took much more! And then he made a big, splendid, very sure bet—and lost! And the next day his boss found out and had him arrested.

Karl tells me not to write this story, because to you Americans it is so common that you yawn. But I am trying to tell only the most common stories, the kind you are teaching to us millions of immigrants. So I will go on.

The worst of it was the trial. Karl said if we could get a fine enough lawyer we could have Jim sent to prison for only one year. But we had only a little money. At the trial I could not look at Jim's face, and his old father's was worse—just staring down at his two great bony hands, which kept moving; and his wooden leg got very nervous—scraping on the floor. I was looking first at our lawyer and then at the Assistant District Attorney. Our lawyer had a cheap face you could see that at once—but the other man had a strong face he had made a tremendous record for sending criminals to prison, or having them executed. This time he did so splendidly that Jim was sent to prison for *three* years. So Jim got one year for stealing and also two years for the cheapness of his lawyer.

Just a few months after, Karl told me this same strong-faced attorney had left his position and was the lawyer for one of those big race-tracks. You see, a race-track needs a very *fine* lawyer, for Karl says that all over the grandstand walls and the fences you see splendid notices telling you it is a terrible crime to

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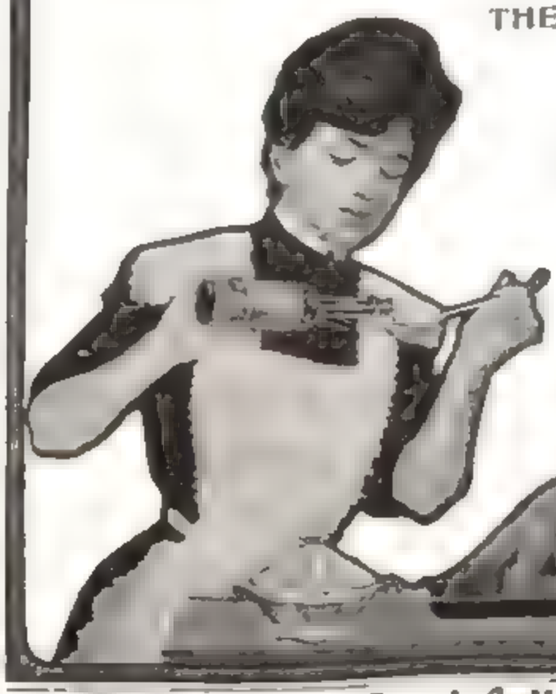

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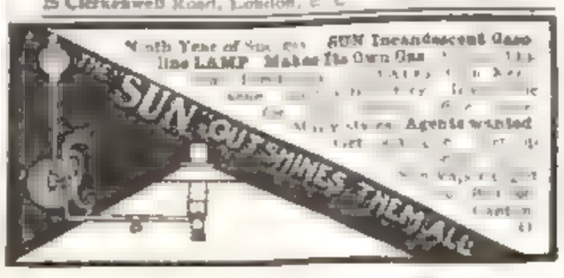

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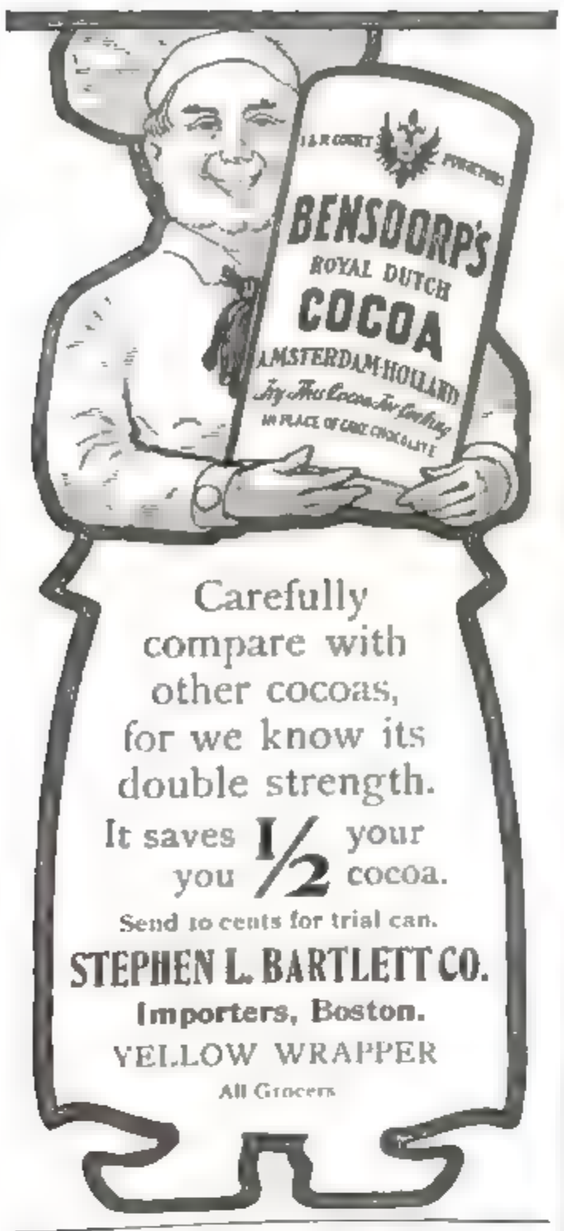

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bet. And yet that is the only reason for having the race-track, and that is just why the twenty thousand people come. They have a tremendous building only for betting, and even in there the big black notices are all over, saying that this betting is an awful crime. But, by having lawyers like this attorney, they do some little trick that makes it all right.

I think this race-track was really to blame for making Jim a thief.

So the whole law is a black tangle to me. And even Karl is tangled by it. He laughs and says he is not, but I know that boy to the middle of his soul. He is doing fine; he is a regular lawyer now; he has some big political friends who give him many cases, and he is *very good* to my old wife and me. But all this law has made him look at things and people in queer ways.

Last election day I was ready to be an American voter. I went to the place, and there I found great notices saying that no man could try to persuade any one inside a marked distance from the polls. This would be a crime. And yet three men were busy doing this very thing every minute. One of them was Karl.

"Hello, Dad!" he called out, and he put his arm round my shoulder. But I looked straight ahead. "Why," he said laughing, "you look as though you were running the whole country!"

"Get out," I growled, for I was uneasy. Then I asked very low: "How do I do it?"

"Look," he said, showing me a copy of the ballot; "you put a cross right here."

I looked up at him with a very slow grin.

"If you weren't a lawyer," I said, "I would try to have you arrested." In I went and did my own voting exactly as I thought good. Then I came out and watched all morning. I wanted to see how it worked; and besides—I was afraid he might be arrested.

About noon up limped a sick old man with one leg. And now at once I felt very bad. Since Jim went to the prison this old Mike had been drinking hard; his face was rough and red and spotted, and his brown, broken hat was over his eyes. I saw Karl stop him. I came close and I heard Karl say:

"Look here, you might as well have some of this." He pushed a five-dollar bill into Mike's pocket. But just then he saw me near. "It's not for you, Mike," he said much louder. "It's just a present from me to—to Jim, for tobacco. Now, look." He showed that sample ballot, how it was marked. And then he helped lame old Mike walk in to vote for his country.

This is what America taught Karl and Mike and me.

To be free and equal you must have a fine, expensive lawyer. And then you can be a very honest, prominent citizen. But if you have a cheap lawyer, you can be very unhappy. By law you can steal from a man and then you can have *him* arrested; this is just what that long, smooth, cheerful face did to me. But anyway—New York is a fine place to live in!

After all my good talking to Karl he had a bad joke on me last Sunday. It was terribly hot, and my throat tickled so! And off I went to that low back room. And there Karl met me. I never saw such a boy for laughing!

A Hint to the Thrifty

HAVING used different makes of garden hose with the harrowing result that about every two years new hose had to be purchased, I set about experimenting, some five years ago, to find out how to make the hose last and at the same time not bother about reeling it up every time it was used.

I put the all-rubber hose out of the question, and purchased the ordinary three-quarter-inch cotton hose. Then, laying a sufficient length of boards out in the yard to stretch the hose on, I applied a good soaking coat of graphite paint, well thinned out with boiled linseed oil. Letting the hose remain there two days in the hot sun had the effect of drying the outside surface so that it could be put into service, and it is still being used without any signs of decay.

The test was this: About twenty feet of this same hose was left unpainted, and went quite out of commission the second summer. —*W. G. K.*

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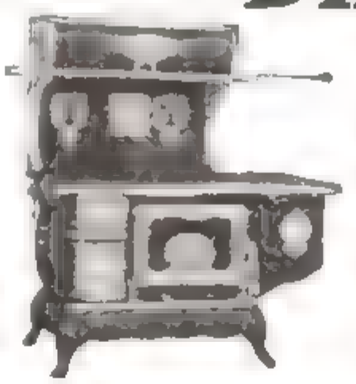

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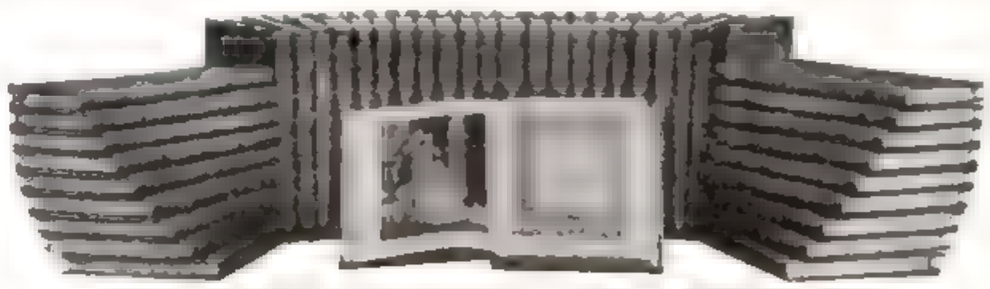

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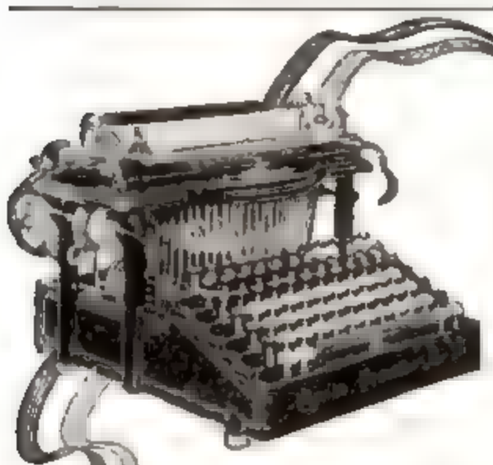

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The Man-Animal

(Continued from Page 7)

Starnberg feared the bear no more than it did him. He withdrew not more than a quarter of a mile from the trap. His bed was beneath the down-hanging branches of a spruce tree, where he slept warm and dry, as the bear had in his own bed. That morning the sun had not yet risen when he heard the choked bawl of the bear as the awful weight, unsettled by the shifting of the stick behind the noose, pulled, tore him half up from the ground. The noose caught on an elbow, slipped over a wrenching forearm, slipped to the neck, and so held; the bear being then unable to get his claws under it. The knots slipped one after another forward, but did not give back and so held the noose close, cutting deep into the fur as the giant struggled, fighting the trunks of the trees against which he was now thrown.

His breath wheezed short and hard, but he had not much purchase, trussed up thus, half off the ground. His teeth and claws were useless. Panting and gasping, the victim died, half in the air

The man-animal, sitting on the ground, his arms about his knees, watched this struggle calmly, with no doubt of the issue. The mightiest beast of the hills, the grizzly, stronger than fifty men, he had slain with no weapon; and now, with no steel save this rag-bound bit of iron and this edged flint, he must skin him. He would reach into the carcass for the liver, for the fat—for fresh meat starves the man-animal unless he finds it fat.

The man-animal spread out this vast hide, ten feet long, haggled off at shoulder and ankle joints; and such was his content with life that he did not reflect the hide would have been worth a hundred dollars at the railroad he had left. Now it would be his bed, after he had dried it in the sun and kept the flies away with crumbled rotten wood. He would have preferred salt, or better still, pepper; but one must use what he has. He scraped idly at the big hide at times, to flesh it, and as it dried more and more, tore off more and more of the shreds of flesh and membrane

This was his bed, and when he traveled he made it into a pack with willow withes to cord it. Pack-straps he made of his frayed trousers, tying the ends under his willow cords, and so slinging the bundle over his back, the weight on his hips and along his spine. In the bear's robe he placed such little things as now made his riches—a nail or so from his shoe-sole, his knife, his flints, his dried flesh for the next meal.

He was now nearly naked as he traveled, clothing of wool not enduring in the mountains. His shoes were becoming bad. He wanted a deer, and had no weapon. The cord must be used again. This time the task was more difficult, for a deer, while possible of snaring, is more wary than a man. The man-animal used his cunning brain once more.

Between two trees close to a path he braided back and forward many pliant willow boughs, strengthened by his treasured cord and by knotted sinews from the back of the giant bear. Between the strands of all these he thrust a stick, and twisted it over and over again, until even he began to fear its striking power should it fly from his hands. He secured the free end in such a way that it stood armed, mailed, a menace to any creature within its blow. He added a bush which the deer must touch in passing, and arranged a trigger which would release this menacing arm, which would—as he proved within four days—smite strongly, half unto death, any animal upon whose back it fell.

It chanced that the deer was a small one, scarce more than a fawn, and this trick which he had learned in trapping rabbits in the north woods served well enough. The man-animal now had shoes and clothing.

He found a better awl, fastened by Nature on the front leg of the deer—the ancient splint bone, thin as a toothpick. The hide he carried to the side of a stream, and sunk it, covering it with mud, to loosen the hair, since he had no lime. The brains of the deer he pocketed deep in cold moss, that they might keep until he needed them. In a few days he drew out the hide from the mud, scraped off the hair with his flint, stretched it out in the sun and pegged it flat with little sticks, piercing the edges of the hide with the splint awl. When at length it dried, he rubbed into it the brains,

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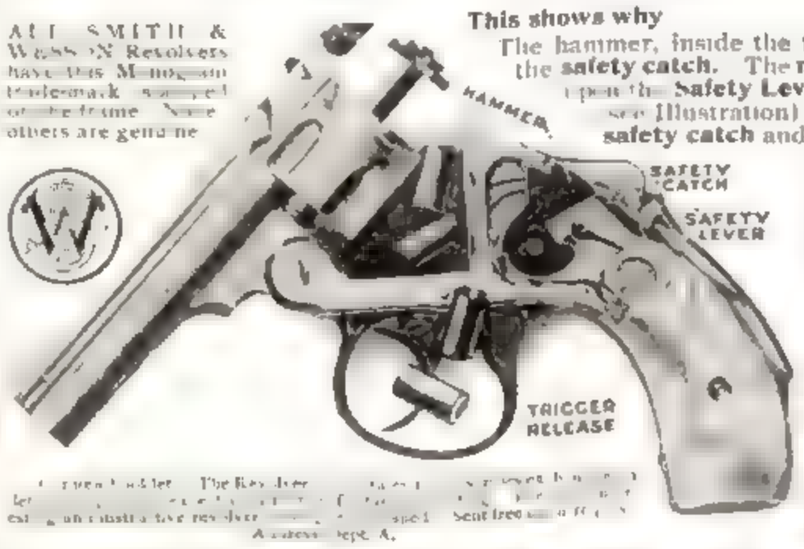

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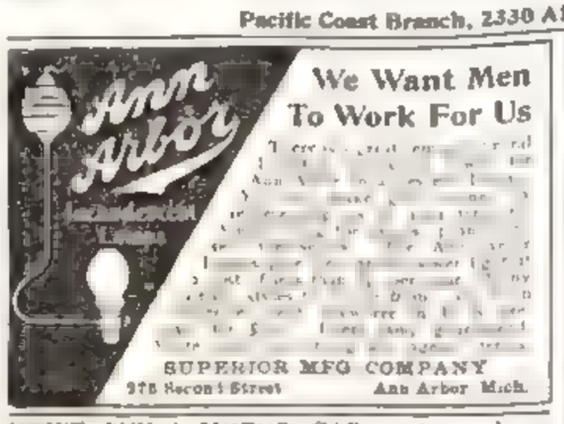

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and presently unpegged it. He left it in the shade, rubbing it each day, and painting it with the precious brains; and so at last made very good buck leather.

Thread for him was abundant, for it lies in the back sinews of all animals from the buffalo to the deer. The man-animal now had sufficient not only to sew his moccasins but to make the string of a bow, if only he had proper wood for a bow. Ah, with a bow he could get ready for winter! Not that Starnberg as yet cared whether or not winter came. He had lived in the woods one way or another all his life. In the day he ate, at night he slept, like a fox, curled up, and as wakeful.

Little creatures he snared — red squirrels, gophers, rabbits. He heard the howl of wolves on many nights, and was aware that his presence in the country was known by them, but he had no fear. His bed under the trees was soft and warm and dry. His day's work would always bring him food. Only, he wanted a bow. And one day as he wandered he found it.

The mountain storms some time before had blown down a cedar—not the soft white cedar, but a tough-fibred red cedar. Here, torn loose by the shock of the fall, were long splints hanging down from the under side. Joyously he tore at them, bending them over his knee and finding them tough. So here he camped, and in two days had his bow, two splints bound tightly together with sinews up and down, and corded well with other sinew. Then he went after his dried willow wands, straightening them between his teeth after he had warmed them in the fire. Not a good bow and arrows; but they would serve. He tipped his arrows with three-cornered flints. He learned over again to shoot with the bow as he had when he was a boy; learned to sight, not on the arrow but on the game. Little creatures, squirrels, grouse, were easily his thereafter; and finding himself a good provider for himself, he became ambitious, and made dishes of bark, sometimes boiling water in them by means of heated stones.

He climbed higher and farther, now being more independent. He scaled mountain peaks, which he sought not for spying out the way to the habitations of men, but for the purpose of learning his own hunting country. Thus one day he saw at his feet the carcass of a white goat, killed by a cougar and left hidden beneath some brush. The sharp, black horns of this creature attracted the man-animal, who turned over the carcass curiously. He could not knock the horns loose, but with a stone he could break the skull loose. He carried it down to his fire that night and dried it at the flame until at last the horns slipped off, black and sharp and shiny at the point. Over these he labored with his flints, slowly cutting off an inch or so of each horn and grinding it fine. Presently he had made for himself two precious arrows, on special shafts, on which the horn tips were fitted tightly. He found that with his bow he could drive these deep into the spruce bark, so deep that he must work them back and forth to loosen them. So his ambition rose to greater animals. Perhaps he now could kill a deer!

But the deer always smelled him as he lay in wait, even though like other hunting animals he climbed a tree above the path and so yearned down. He gave up the deer, and at last took to the upper heights of his range again, climbing to the snow, where the white goats live. These stupid animals believe that none but themselves can climb so high. Their feet save them from the bear and the lion and the lynx and the wolf. But not from the man-animal.

A strange, shaggy, unshapen object lay sprawled in the shade of a little cedar far up on the rocky mountainside. The big goat was lying taking the air, looking out at the mountain pictures, enjoying them. Toward this spot a strange, shaggy, ill-shapen object clambered, half erect, half stooping, against the sheer mountainside. These were dizzy heights. Far down were spiny trees, and to these reached the straight rock face meant for the grasp of hoofs or toes, and not of feet. But this climbing creature had hoofs and toes, four clinging feet with prehensile toes that did not slip, and a heart that beat so strong and even that no vertigo ever came to it; and a strength that did not tire, and lungs that played deep and full under the shaggy chest.

Now and then the head of this climbing creature looked up. The goat saw it, and

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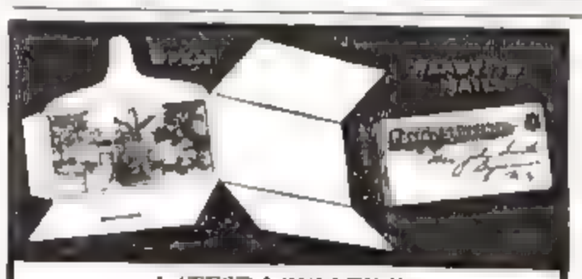

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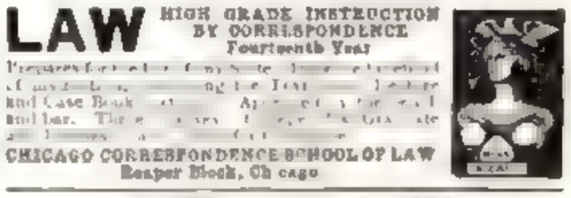

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felt a strange fear, but stupidly lay quiet, looking down. It reasoned it must be safe up here on the crest of the earth, with a million miles of blue as one limit and a spiny fringe of trees far below as the other. The climbing creature below paused and looked up, seeing that the goat was on his front legs, half standing, like a dog, and looking down stupidly. He ignored the goat, as it had him. At last a shaggy head showed above a rim of rock fifty feet above and at one side of the white goat.

The man-animal sat up on the rock and put the midrib of his strong bow against his two feet, his legs extended stiffly in front of him. He drew back the sinew cord of the bow with both hands, far back, his legs pointing stiffly down at the stupid goat, the only animal he could have approached thus closely. There was a clang and a thud. The goat-horn had gone deep into the goat-hide. Back of the shoulder it hung, the shaft knocking about on the rocks as the goat sprang up, stumbling and coughing. The man-animal was upon it, beating it with a stone. It was his prey. He rolled it far down the mountainside. Now he would have a coat, and a covering at night, besides his bed. This would be far better than a shoulder-cape of reeds and grass which he had planned making should he ever come to marshy country in his travels.

Now there was nothing for the man-animal to ask of life. It had arms, food, clothing, abundance of all things. Ache nor pain it had not, nor need of anything.

But now the fall came on. The elk roared in the popples. Moose bellowed down in the marsh lands and thickets. The air grew keen. The man-animal one morning rubbed its eyes and sat for a half-hour staring out over the lake beside which it had slept during this last journey; for it did not remain in one country longer than food continued easy to secure.

Something vague stirred deep down in the heart of this shaggy creature. It had no clothing worth the name; its skin was black with smoke and sun and grime; its front prehensiles had grown hard and horny; its hind feet were half-shod and hardened. It feared nothing, and looked life in the face, self-reliant, dominant; and yet perhaps it yearned. For it Nature had even reversed the seasons. It was now as the bellowing and roaring things about it. In its hairy chest stirred some deep craving. It roared out a deep-chested challenge across the lake. It listened, gazing at the fringe of the forest as though waiting for some answerer to appear. Thoughts of earlier combat came to its mind. It arose, walked, stretched its muscles, gazed about. But there came no answer. The man-animal ceased looking at the forest and at the mountains, and turned its gaze upon the river. The river always took one to what one wished.

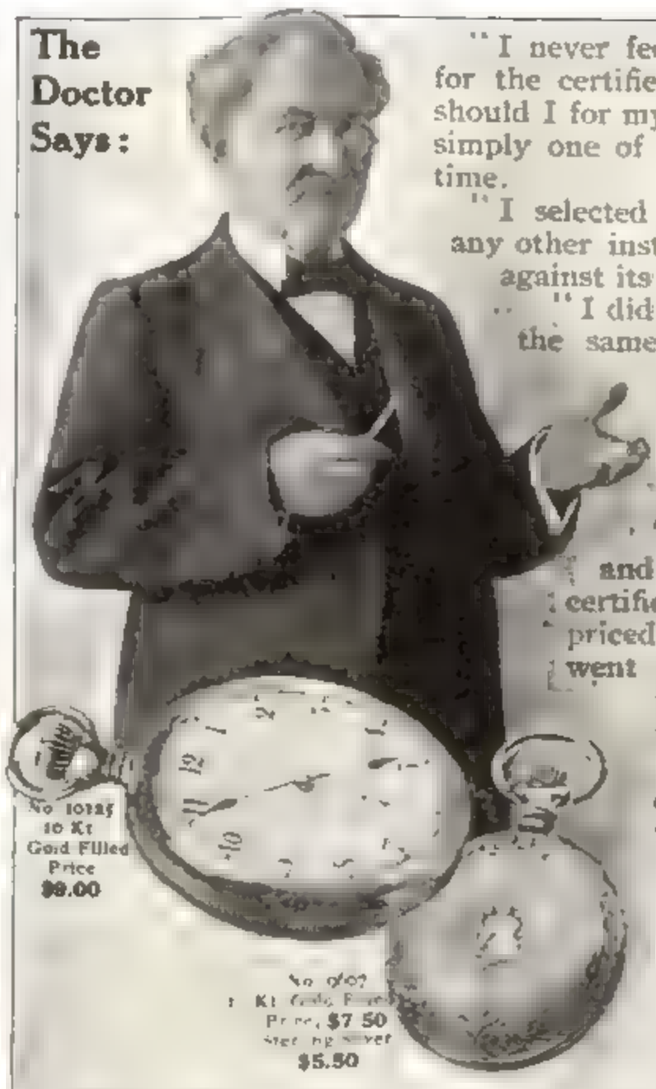
The man-animal dragged dry logs into a heap, and laid them rudely parallel upon the sand. It found ropes of willows, and so bound these light cedar logs into a raft, midships of which were other cross lengths heaped with braided boughs, on which rode the rude bundle of hides of animals and dried flesh, the bow, the bundle of shafts, some flints, the precious metal.

The man-animal feared nothing on earth, not even this rushing, mocking river, which asked it to come and be devoured. It knew these logs would float, that its own limbs would serve in swimming as well as those of any other animal. And so, selecting a tough pole for its service, it pushed off the raft into the descending flood. The rapids caught it and hurled it as they liked, in time tore it apart; but the creature heaped its properties amidships again, and clung, body dropped to the water, hands and feet plying, until the white caps mocked and grinned behind it instead of ahead.

The creature pushed the raft ashore and mended it, and rode on thirty miles that afternoon, fearless in the water as in the forest or on the mountain, knowing that he was man and could not be hurt by elemental things; that he was master. And so he landed as he liked, and ate as he wished, and was fed and slept warm while the waters howled along his bedside.

Days later he saw an opening in the woods, and a little cabin, and so he went ashore and prowled about once more, as all animals do at the homes of their species. Here was a cabin where a trapper had been the previous year. Here was flour cached under the eaves. Here was abundance of wire, and a broken axe. Moreover, here

The Doctor Says:



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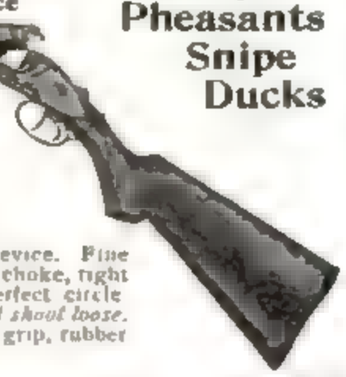

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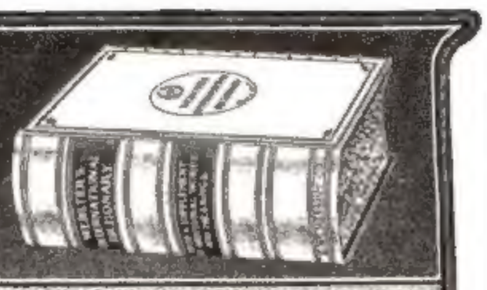

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was an abandoned rifle with a belt of cartridges. This trapper had intended to return. The man-animal thought the law of the woods allowed him to take these things. He scrawled on a chip his own name and his admitted debt. And so he reveled in this luxury. He cooked at the fireplace and not in the open air. There was no baking-powder for the flour, but any man-animal knows that birch ashes make fair baking-powder when there is none better; and any man-animal knows how to mix the flour with water in the top of a sack when there is no pan; and knows how to cook it in a loaf, one side after the other, in the frying-pan at the fire.

Now here were matches on a shelf, and a piece of case-knife—vast treasures of all manner. Here were pieces of garments, fragments of discarded blankets. So for three days, making clothes, fitting robes, eating, sleeping, the man remained. He was now very rich. Life could do little more for him. He sunk the axe in a log, took the rifle and fired at the blurred wedge in the axe-head a careful shot—the bullet struck true. He pushed out the splinters of the shattered handle with his thumb, and so had his axe head clean and unhurt. With his new knife it was easy to make a good axe-handle from bent black birch, and this he did; and he found also a file, far better than a grindstone in the woods.

So now the man-animal made what was almost a ship. He cast aside the bow and arrows and the poor meat of the porcupine. Meat came to him each day as he swept down-stream. And so he traveled joyously, until one day he saw muddy water pouring into his river, and knew it came from a field or sluice-box; so that presently he would be among men.

Twelve miles below he struck the railway where it crossed the river, and here there was a new town and all the things that he had left. . . .

Starnberg went to work in the mills here, taking up life where he had dropped it. He boarded at the primitive hotel, lived among the primitive men. He fought them, and beat them. It was autumn. The best of the men were here in the mills. The waiter girls at the hotel knew Starnberg as the best man in the mills. He was quiet, but his eye was straight. When he walked it was as though he expected the way to open for him, as it did. One girl came to wait on him, walking straight to him, her eyes seeing the shape and size and strength of his body, though seeming not to see.

Starnberg sighed, but his sigh was one of content. He had survived. He would survive. Thrift, cunning, strength, industry, commerce, art, were his, and a home, and a child to follow him. And that is all any man may gain.

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"I mentioned the subject to my employer. He was of good old Puritan stock and did not believe in innovations, but he listened patiently to me, and, when I had finished, he laughed and said: 'Any man who is too lazy to make his own "stereo" paper is too lazy to stereotype after you make it for him.'

"He laughed the idea out of my head, but two years afterward I had my revenge by showing him whole pages in trade publications advertising what he had ridiculed. The enterprise made for its promoters thousands of dollars—and it taught me to depend less on the opinion of others, and to hesitate less about backing my own judgment."

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May 30, 1906—Won Minneapolis Hill Climbing Contest winning silver cup. One Mitchell entered. Defeated Oldsmobile (4 cyl), Ford (4 cyl), Franklin, Rambler, Queen, National, Frayer-Miller, Marmon, Thomas and Royal Tourist.

July 4, 1906—Won 100 Mile Endurance Race, breaking World's Record, at Hawthorne Race Track, Chicago, defeating cars at more than double the price. The one other Mitchell entered, finished second.

July 7, 1906—Won 50 Mile Endurance Race at Milwaukee, again breaking the World's Record, and still again defeating high priced cars. One Mitchell entered.

July 20, 1906—Won 50 Mile Endurance Race at Detroit, making single miles as low as 1:08, which is World's Record for stock cars fully equipped. This has since been equalled by the 50 h. p. Thomas Flyer. The one other Mitchell entered, finished second.

In the last three contests the Mitchell defeated the following cars: Queen, Jackson, Thomas, Maxwell, Columbia, Knox, Buick, Haynes, Pope-Toledo, Pope-Hartford, Peerless, Rambler and Cadillac.

July 27, 1906—Elgin-Aurora Endurance Contest. Two Mitchells entered. One finished with *perfect score*; the other was penalized for mistakes of the driver. Dozens of high priced cars fell by the wayside or were heavily penalized.

All these victories were won with stock cars right off the selling floor.

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H. C. COHN & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

SAMPSON ROCK OF WALL STREET

(*Continued from Page 15*)

might be a day of reckoning later, perhaps to-morrow; to-day there should be one—for the bulls. He was a leader, and the unattached soldiers of fortune—the "traders"—gathered under his flag and, without knowing it, fought for him, fought madly for dollars—more dollars—even as Rock fought for railroads, more railroads. . . .

In the big marble boardroom the air was filled with the exultant whoops of the bears who were winning, the maddened shrieks of the bulls who were losing and would not lose more—the primal passions made audible in the discordant chorus of the dollar-hunters, made visible about the various "posts" in a sea of heads that broke into a foam of fists clenched and defiant—with, here and there, the quivering, outstretched fingers of a drowning man. And beside the man who had said, "Let there be storm," out of sight and out of hearing of the money-mad mob, under its protecting glass dome as though it were a fragile plant, the little ticker in this office was impassively ticking, ticking, ticking!—singing its marvelous song of triumph and defeat in one; ticking very fast because it must keep time to the heart-beats of the mob, and the heart-beats were very fast—not because men were losing and men were winning, but because the world cannot stand still, but must work. And because men must live by the sweat of the brow, one man would give to men, to thousands of men, the chance to sweat. That and nothing more was what Sampson Rock would have said he was doing if he had philosophized about it. It is the autohypnotism of the great captains who do not count their dead, of the other captains who, on the battlefield of industry, count nothing but results—results—results!

Sam was again filled with an exasperating sense of uselessness as he gazed on his father—an elbow resting on one corner of the ticker-stand, tense, immobile, something less than human, something more than human about him, his eyes fixed hypnotically on the tape—little soldier-ants bearing tiny burdens to lay at the feet of Sampson Rock, the characters had been an hour before; but now they were shot-scars on a fortress, that told whether the golden projectiles discharged by a human cannon had hit or had missed. If a miss, there were more projectiles to fire; if a strike, one obstacle had been removed from the path of the Virginia Central.

Great Southern preferred was going down; now eighty-three—eighty-two—eighty-one. The last order had been just the finger-touch needed to push the boulder over the edge of the cliff. Eighty now! Cross could not have sold the ten thousand.

It was a very weak, not a panicky market, the difference between fear and blind terror. There was no ugly confusion of ruin. A gambling foundation that had taken two weeks' hard work to upbuild had been razed in two hours by a man who risked a fraction of his fortune. The effort of the morrow, for that man, would be to keep the recovery from being too rapid or too violent. And then, sentiment being unsettled by the market's "ominous lack of recuperative power," it would be easy, by a series of drives against Virginia Central, to push the price of that stock of stocks down—the newspapers would help unwittingly by printing the vaporings of fools whose fears made them garrulous.

Then the tape-characters again would become little soldier-ants, gold-laden, bringing the spoils, grain by grain, to Sampson Rock; and Sampson Rock, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the future, would be extending one railroad, consolidating two into a great, a strong system, transforming a wilderness not into a beautiful garden, but better: into pierced mountains and stabbed hillsides and furrowed valleys under smoke-clouded skies, the abode of grimy miners and iron-workers and of their food-providers and clothes-makers, bringing to Virginia the gift of life and to these men the gift of work, whereby they might fill their bellies and clothe their nakedness, and, also, love and multiply, to the greater glory of God. And to the self-hypnotized Sampson Rock, bringing ——

His only son was before him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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That is the spirit that reigns among the Atkins workmen—the spirit that makes Atkins Saws "just exactly right" in every particular.

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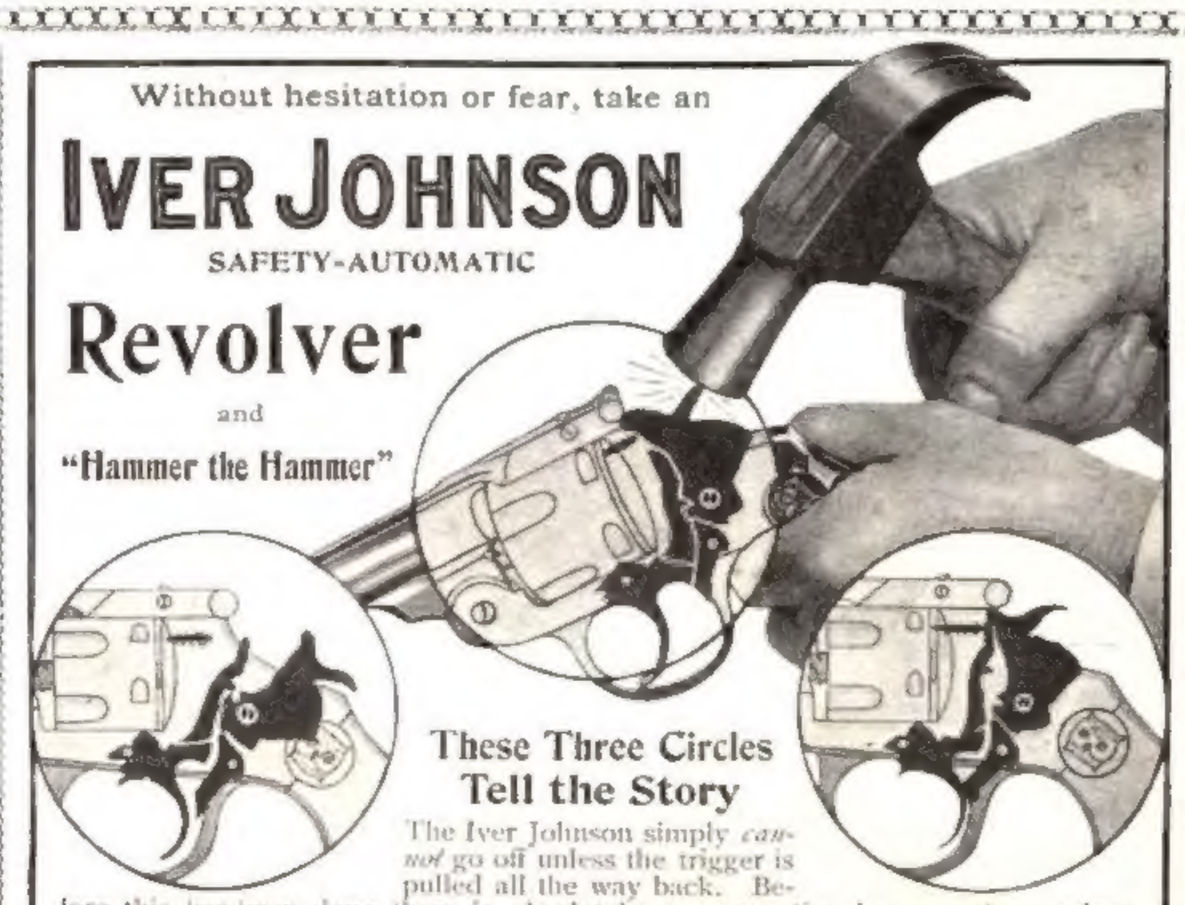

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